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Foreign Melodrama and American Art.

While abroad I received many inquiries from American managers and actors, which seems to point to England as a sort of Theatrical Land of Promise. 'Tis a painful delusion, and foolish. An English King once erected a palace upon a hospital. I question whether 'tis possible, even in the Republic of Art, to convert a charnel-house into a banquet hall.

Most of our American managers appear eager, like the credulous dog in the fable, to surrender the substance for the shadow; to swap professional independence for servitude. The shadow, in this instance, I take to be the diseased melodrama of England; the servitude, that fatuous, shopkeeping policy which would impose the aspirations of Art among pennies in breeches pockets, and sell seed-corn to buy husks.

No prospect of the future is clearer to my mind than that which pictures the American stage as the hope and refuge of the world. Without intending any general disparagement of our American managers, several of whom I know to possess superior ability, I must yet be permitted to say that, to my thinking, no course could more rudely antagonize this expectation, more seriously obstruct its realization, than that which for six or seven years past numbers of them have so persistently pursued.

A few years ago our stage was adorned by the splendid genius of native artists. Forrest, Charlotte Cushman, Burke, Booth, Jefferson, Julia Dean, Wallace, Eliza Logan, Owens, Barrett, Clara Morris, Chanfrau, Edwin Adams, Lotta, Maggie Mitchell, Rose Eytinge, Mrs. Bowers, McCullough, Davenport and others. True, many of these have disappeared behind the shadows of the grave. But what has become of the art they enthusiastically loved and brilliantly illustrated?

It will not serve to answer, as has been thoughtlessly answered, that the American public have ceased to care for intellectual recreation, have lost interest in the artistic theatre, and now only look for show where once they sought instruction. The surpassing success of the poetic drama, wherever and whenever properly presented in our country, is a complete refutation of the assertion. 'Tis entirely safe to say that within the past ten years (the period of its deepest degradation, as many Jeremiahs have asked us to believe) the receipts of the intellectual drama, when represented by recognized interpreters, have more than doubled the combined receipts of all the sensational rot and melodramatic trash which has been permitted to usurp a position of respectability.

Set on one hand the receipts of all the most prosperous sensational productions known to the American stage in the preceding fifteen years: (Black Crook, White Fawn, Humpty-Dumpty, British Blondes, Youth, The World, Lights o' London, and others of the same type), and on the other hand set the receipts of Booth, Jefferson, Ristori, Mary Anderson, Barrett, Sara Bernhardt, Modjeska, McCullough, Salvini and Henry Irving, all representatives of High Art—of the "legitimate" drama—and the result, if honestly stated, will be found in favor of the latter—two to one!

It is customary for ill-informed critics, when writing upon this subject, to quote in evidence of the unpopularity of the "legitimate" drama, the alleged business failures in that connection of Macready and Kean in England, and of glorious Edwin Booth in New York. The evidence is fallacious. Losses there undoubtedly were, and heavy ones, too, but they sprang less out of popular neglect, or out of artistic ambition, than out of a too extravagant expenditure; in plainer terms, they sprang out of bad commercial management. Macready's Tempest proved a disastrous production for him (as for similar reasons it proved disastrous to me in New York many years afterward). Yet, if my memory serves, his average receipts were about £300 a night; a greater average by fifty per cent. than any theatre in London, the Lyceum alone, perhaps, excepted, can show in the past five years.

Edwin Booth's average receipts in the magnificent theatre which caused his temporary ruin, were over \$800 a night. There is not a theatre in America, not one, which could show as large an average for the same time. But in his ambitious desire to please the public Mr. Booth engaged a splendid and expensive company (with the exception of my own at the Grand Opera House in 1869, and Mr. Daly's the succeeding year, its equal has not been seen in New York since), shared with "stars," after ridiculously low figures, was plundered

right and left, and forced into bankruptcy at last for the protection of honest creditors.

But an argument was needed to justify the shopkeepers' policy of purely, or rather impurely, speculative managers ("adventurers" they used to be called in the early days of the drama), and the one I quote was given. The responsibility for perverting public taste, and throttling dramatic art, is a serious one, and of course managers, as a class, decline to shoulder it. They, plausibly enough, declare that it should rest upon the exactions of the "stars." If so, then the latter have had the tables most awfully turned upon them. The triumph is not one, however, over which thoughtful managers can long exult. The "starring" system may be temporarily dead, so far as it applies to individual "stars," but it thrives with weed-like vigor in the melodramas which have succeeded the former.

The only persons benefitted by this regretted

moribund; and there are scarcely good actors enough in all the country to organize a dozen first-rate stock companies. So great is the need in this particular, that "leading" people, imported, and otherwise, of very mediocre abilities, command, I am told, for merely memorizing a few sentences of very commonplace dialogue, almost as much money in one week as Forrest, Adams, Davenport and other great actors used severally to receive for their magnificent artistic creations, in two.

What, then, is left the average speculative manager? Nothing, seemingly, but complete dependence upon incompetent foreign dramatists, upon melodramatic productions, which are available chiefly because, as a rule (there are shining exceptions of course), they require little brains, and less art, because the scenic-painter and his coadjutor, the stage carpenter, supplemented by the pictorial printer, fill the places previously occupied by good actors, at d

death, suddenly lifted his hand to his mouth and exclaimed: "Great heaven! I have swallowed the file!" and fell dead, hit upon a device quite as probable, and every whit as clumsy, as the much-advertised revolving scenes of these London melodramas. "But it pays!" London playwrights (not playwrights; they are as little connected with literature as with the Church) receive more money in one season, if their stories are to be believed, than Shakespeare received in the sixteen years of his labors. And certain American managers who blindly help to swell this income with enormous "royalties" boast the fact with complacency. Imagine the doomed grease cackling exultingly over a supposed demand for *pate de foie gras*.

And 'tis this stuff which has suppressed dramatic poets and hobbled histrionic art, which is to asphyxiate the intellectual drama in America. Forbid it Wallace, Palmer, Nor-

of America, but I beg permission to express my belief that a small fraction of the royalties paid for pernicious melodramas, if intelligently expended upon more intellectual plays, or upon plays derived from American history (Aaron Burr, for instance) and others, could not but result prosperously for them. At least it would emancipate them from servile dependency. This emancipation they must reach somehow. Popular indifference for English "trash" and popular resentment of native trash ("steady nothings clothed in jockey" still in the end, and that very soon, perhaps, compel the revival of American independence in art. At least it is to be hoped so.

As for American actors, there is no more room for them upon the London stage than for American plays. And for similar reasons. Both are accounted rough, crude, ill-formed and violent. One of the wildest lines of a comedy which wrestled recently with adversity in a West End theatre of London and was worsted, is: "Americans have no grandeur, no repose." The English have a superfluity of both.

Yet among American plays seen in London were several of eminent popularity. Among the actors who have there represented American art, Jefferson, Booth, Clarke, Owens, Miss Bateman, Mary Anderson, George Jordan, George Jamison, Mark Smith, Charlotte Cushman, Davenport, Marlow, J. T. Raymond, Barrett, McCullough, Rose Eytinge, Lotta, the Florences and others.

All of these, with two or three exceptions, failed in the practical sense of the word. The most that may be truthfully said of them is, that they were "well received, but—" Expressive silence does not in this case "mean their praise." That they deserved success, and the very richest success, all Americans know and believe. I deal now, however, with facts, not with feelings only.

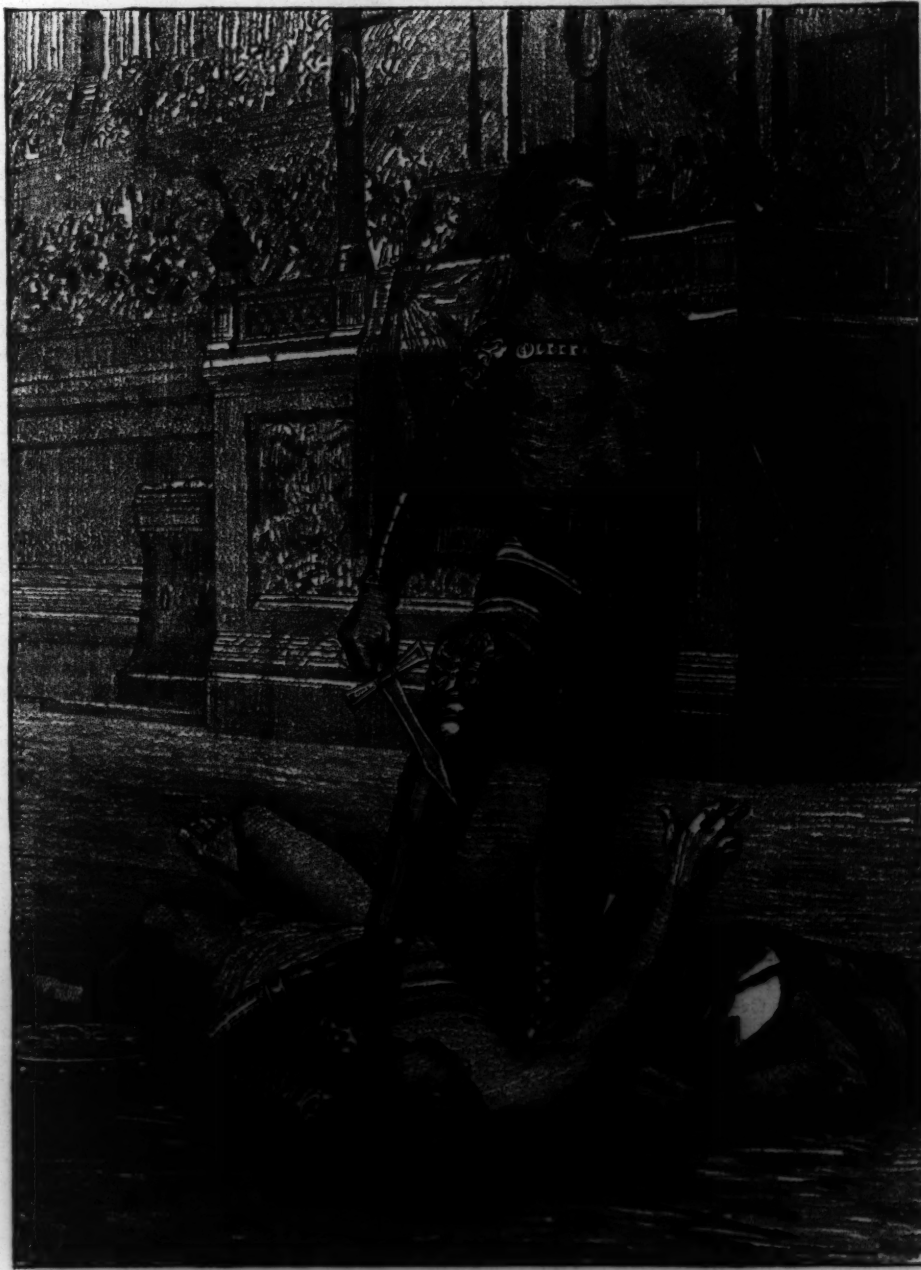
The London public don't positively dislike their American kindred. They think us coarse, "loud" and vulgar; that is all. Very naturally, and not unreasonably, if viewed in the baleful light of natural prejudice, they also think themselves best and greatest in every walk of life and art, and as Americans who come over to Europe do their best—(perhaps it would be nearer the truth to say their worst)—to antagonize this feeling, they generally succeed in achieving an unpopularity they would not otherwise attain. Londoners are, I think, the most patient, courteous and law-abiding people in the world; but—as remarked to me by a prominent New York lawyer at present abroad—they are "deficient in magnanimity, and are very hard on strangers."

Lotta was blessed at her first professional appearance in London. I needn't say to American readers that there is not a hole or corner in all our country where such an insult to a lady could be attempted with safety. The American actor to succeed in London must have positive genius to overcome popular prejudice, or else must needs be an exceptionally shrewd manager, with cosmopolitan opinions.

I do not think the loss of Cousin John for this. I have seen something of the impositions practised upon his sympathies and his courtesies in the name of American art, and wondered sometimes at the patience with which he stood them. To palm off cheap and clumsy stage jewels or tumbled stones upon a credulous public as real brilliants, may be "smart" management, but there are times when buyers and sellers differ extensively over the meanings and moralities of the question. Even in our own very free and fortunate land, it occasionally occurs that imitation stones and pinchbeck jewels receive less attention, are less highly prized, than the genuine. They are less patient than ourselves, it seems, in England, and not only denounce the deception as fraudulent, but visit it with a very emphatic, though entirely legal, resentment, as an attempt to extort money and reputation under false pretences.

CLIFTON W. TAYLOR.

Solomon is going to try his luck again, this time at the Standard Theatre with Hoyt, of Tin Soldier notoriety, as his librettist. We hope Hoyt will do better than his predecessors, for, of a truth, Solomon has not shown the wisdom popularly attributed to the family so called in his choice of authors hitherto. Never was composer more handicapped by authors than this same Solomon, from Milton Taylor to Pepita. Few composers have the acumen of Sullivan, who knows better than to throw away good music on bad words. Hoyt ought to be able to do better, if he means what of the variety and farcical comedy was.



ROBERT DOWNING AS SPARTACUS
(The Gladiator).

change are the concoctors of all this trash—the so called "dramatists." The injury done to the public by the substitution of the photographer's lens for the "mirror of nature," is incalculable. They have acquired, it is true, many very handsome and very unprofitable opera houses, but have lost nearly all that should render such resorts attractive—intellectual plays and competent players.

The most seriously injured of all are those adventuring managers themselves, without whose consent this deceptive transformation could not well have taken place. They have been "left" in the quicksands of the speculation with which their eyes do yet "glare withal," and confronted there with the unpleasant probability of being eventually engulfed in ruin.

There are no available stars now to fall back upon. The "combination system" which promised the maximum of theatrical profit, with the minimum of managerial risks, is already

ingeniously contrive to cover over the consequent deficiencies.

And what as a class are the most of these wretched melodramas which are now said to be the popular theatrical delight? Productions which, though sought for with break-neck speed by many American managers, are repulsed with scorn from the intellectual and artistic theatres of England, France and Germany. Flat and commonplace in form, false in motive, smelling of stable-lofts and reeking with odors of gutters. The very best of these I saw in London last season, portrayed no recognizable feature of humanity, revealed no wholesome sentiment of society, depicted not one natural phase of real life. One play alone must be excepted—Jim the Penman. It was stage-carpentry of the most improbable character. The actor who in the familiar old anecdote had forgotten his dagger in the play, and realizing the dramatic necessity of his

ton, Ford, McVicker, Hooley! Forbid it all ye managers who still honor the dignity of true art, the traditions of the legitimate stage!

Insane parents have slain their own children; the murderous practice therefore to be continued? Is it wise or necessary that the United States should become the slop-bucket of London? I think not. The land which has produced and educated Edwin Booth, Joseph Jefferson, Mary Anderson, John Owens and Clara Morris—incomparable all, alike in genius as in art—has no need to borrow from England any of the froth or fury which constitute the almost sole sustenance of her stage at present. Excepting only the great and gifted Henry Irving—to whom is due the highest respect and esteem of every actor who loves his art—what has England given us? What has she to give us worth the having? Absolutely nothing!

I will not presume to advise the managers

The New York Mirror.

The statement published by the American Opera company is very comforting, inasmuch as it assures us that the projectors and bearers of the burden are not disheartened and will not follow the usual plan of backers who fail to get big dividends—i.e., backing out. We may look upon our national opera as a fixed fact. If it pays, well and good; if it loses, we have public-spirited people in plenty to shoulder the loss and put things square again. We are not forced to beg enforced aid from taxes, as they do in France. We do not ask people with no ears for music to pay for what they do not want and cannot enjoy. No; we put our hands deep into our pockets and pay for it ourselves. And more power to our elbows for that same. Mrs. Thurber, Mrs. Carnegie and their worthy co-laborers in the field of music have done, are doing, and will do, more for the cause of true art than all the autocrats and aristocrats of the Old World have done, are doing, or will do.

McCaull is going to give us Falke again, and we hope and believe that he will find no de-fal-ka-tion in his treasury thereby. Falke is a pretty, lively opera, and though most vilely misused by Falke in the English misadaptation, has still vitality enough left to survive the mangling.

Exion has had a most profitable run at Koster and Bial's, aided by the very clever specialties and specialty workers employed. All that is done here is done well, and the attendance is good accordingly.

Neuendorf's concerts at the Central Park Garden are much to be commended. He chooses good music—not too persistently above the heads of the people, but judiciously mingled. But, whether classical or popular, the music is always best of its kind and done thoroughly well. He has adopted the Covent Garden fashion of giving nights devoted to special subjects and composers, as "the Beethoven night," "the Wagner night" and, again, "the Popular night." This is likely to answer well, as devotees of the various schools can gratify their tastes on their appropriate evenings and stay away on the others. One thing may be counted on, whatever night one chooses—a pleasant evening.

At the Theatres.

Humbert still makes mirth galore at the Bijou. Mr. Reed and his comrades are working hard despite the heat, and their efforts are appreciated.—On Friday night Richard Mansfield celebrates the rooth performance of Prince Karl by giving all his patrons pretty silver rings as souvenirs.—The season is just now at its lowest ebb. Preliminary engagements of various sorts will shortly cause the managers to take their shutters down again and invite the public to inspect their Fall stock of dramatic goods.

A Talk with Charles Frohman.

Charles Frohman arrived in the city on Monday from San Francisco, after being away about ten weeks, and on Tuesday was seen by a Mirror reporter.

"The first four weeks of Messrs. Dan. Frohman and Al. Hayman's dramatic season at the Baldwin Theatre was a loss," he said, "but Alone in London cleared \$2,500 for the management on the two weeks, and with Modjeska's season there and in the neighborhood they will probably pull out ahead on the whole season. The reason for the bad business was that the people who patronize the higher class of entertainments were out of the city. Summer business for San Francisco is good for the proper style of attraction. For instance, Carrie Swain did splendidly in Cad the Tomboy and other light plays.

"For the Madison Square Theatre company's season the outlook is that a very large business will be done, especially with Jim the Penman, which has made a great hit. I saw it while passing through Chicago, and I predict that it will run the Winter season through here in New York. Messrs. Hayman and Frohman are satisfied with what has been done so far, and, knowing, as they believe they do, the taste of the San Francisco people, they will next year attempt another Summer season. The Duff Opera company, consisting of fifty-five people, will follow Palmyra's company at the Baldwin. Of all the

people who went with the company to San Francisco Joseph Hawthorn proved the greatest favorite. Henry Miller made a very strong impression. David Belasco left San Francisco on Saturday, and is due here about Friday. His benefit on the 18th netted him \$1,200. Immediately on his arrival he will assume the stage direction of the Lyceum Theatre.

"Corn S. Tanner made a very strong impression in San Francisco. Colonel Sinn has secured the play Fascination for her. It is by the author of Alone in London. The Colonel is reported to have paid \$3,000 as a deposit. Fascination is a high comedy of The Jilt order. It is neither a dramatization nor an adaptation; is claimed to be original throughout. It will also give Miss Tanner an opportunity to appear in a dressy part. It is not Colonel Sinn's intention to produce the new play until Alone in London begins to wane. He will then take a New York theatre for its production."

Prince Karl's Prospects.

"We have already booked thirty-six weeks for Prince Karl," said Richard Mansfield's manager to a Mirror representative, "and there are but three one-night stands. Mr. Mansfield, as you know, is comparatively a new star, yet the terms we have obtained are those that are only accorded to attractions that have been on the road for years. We have any number of Fair dates, and managers are writing to us to make their time two weeks instead of one. We shall have eight weeks altogether in New York during the coming season; four in Boston in all probability, and five in Chicago.

"The company on the road will be about the same as that now playing at the Madison Square. Mr. Mansfield went up another thousand dollars, making his offer \$2,000 for two of Mr. Gillette's weeks, but that gentleman refused, as he is very anxious to produce his play. Outside of the artistic merits of the play, both Mr. Mansfield and myself believe that the success of Prince Karl is due to the fact that all the money spent is spent on the press, there being no lithographs out, no printing, and consequently no rush of deadheads. This same system will be kept up on the road.

"Our ice-cream innovation has proved such a success that quite a number of out of town managers think of opening their season with the distribution of some such delicacy. Charles O. White, the Detroit manager, has asked me as a favor to attend to getting the boxes, napkins, spoons and all complete for him, while he will provide the cream in his own city."

The New Minstrel Home.

"The decorators have just begun work in the interior of the erstwhile Comedy Theatre," said Lewis Dockstader to a Mirror reporter who met him at the entrance to that house the other day, "and I expect to have the house open on Saturday night, Sept. 18. The orchestra will be under the leadership of William Mullally, and among the singers I have already engaged are John E. McWade, Charles Noble, Joseph Garland, T. B. Dixon, Mr. Smith and a phenomenal alto singer named Jose. I am also corresponding with a number of people in London.

"I intend to have a bright and cosy little theatre. A decided novelty will be that all the seats will be reserved. Everybody will get a coupon and check for his seat, no matter where he is to sit, nor what he has paid for his seat. Frank Siddall has telegraphed me from Europe to hold back on building the entrance, buying the seats and contracting for the curtain; so I am led to expect that he has certain novelties or new ideas of some kind that he wishes to have introduced. I expect him back in the city on one of the Cunard steamers about August 7.

"Regarding new features, all that I can say is that we shall depart from conventional minstrelsy. There will be a boycott on chestnuts. Special attention will be paid to scenic effects. That will, I am sure, be quite a novelty in the line of minstrelsy. We shall have panoramic and elaborate change scenery and mechanical effects.

"There will be twenty-three people in the first part and but two end men. No eight or ten dressed up monkeys. There will be no jewelry worn on the stage—the flashing diamond must be left at home. Everything will be local, and every dramatic success will be burlesqued, something new being given about every two weeks. For instance, Wilson Barrett comes over and makes a hit—the following Monday night we burlesque him. I have several people who will work with me in getting up the burlesques, but I will do the major part of it."

Daddy Nolan Departs.

"Nearly all of the time at Tony Pastor's—that is, until Mr. Pastor returns on October 26—is booked with combinations," said Dan Sully to a Mirror reporter yesterday. "In the meanwhile I shall spend the Summer at the Villa du Sully in Newport. I bought my cottage there in 1878. It may not be generally known, but Newport has the honor of being my birthplace. Last week my donkey—which is, by the way, a real Irish donkey—and Master Malvey went down there last week and next week we are all going out fishing. I shall open my season proper at Newport on August 17, playing Daddy Nolan, which will be the piece de resistance all the season, although The Corner Grocery will be played in any city where there is a demand for it."

Hippodroming the Theatre.

The great Sardou having, in his numerous psychological dramas, exploited all that was leonine, feline and elephantine in the various phases of the abnormal and animalistic in the human cosmos, now advances a stride further. We have, we believe, a faithful recorder of this incursion across the frontier of mere human possibilities in the announcement of an intelligent actress and intending star.

She reports that her new drama by the French playwright will be what the playbills call a remarkable production, with lions and tigers and elephants and all. "I am," she candidly asserts, "to enter the lion's den; at least that is the present plan. I have agreed to do so if the lion is half-way decently inclined. Bernhardt did it, and I am going to equal her performance at that point at any rate. Still, I do not promise it completely. It all depends on the lion."

Here is a glint of grim humor from the brave little actress; but should it so happen that the king of beasts takes a fancy to chew her up, whalebone and all, could the entrepreneur afford to furnish so dainty a mouthful for the beast every night? And so it has come to this! Sardou has got down to nature at last, even though it be quadrupedal and not bi-footed. The genuine wild beast, heretofore disguised in human form, shows itself on all fours.

As the eminent and all-conquering French trapper has turned his back on mortal exposures of passion and fury and taken to the circus, may not one or more of our American dramatists, heretofore overawed by the Gallic code, take courage and bring forward some of their mountain pictures of life and adventure, the diabolism and ferocity of human nature, leaving to a supreme artist such as Mr. Sardou to give us the beastly, the cunning and the resonance of savagery to be presented by its normal representatives of the jungle and the wilderness.

Without driving the question too far home, we may or not cherish a hope that contemporary dramatists, now that the French contingent has shown itself in its true colors, take heart and come to the rescue of the theatre with plays written on the scheme of men and women, developing human and humane endowments, forming the objects of interest on the stage.

Is human nature so driven to the wall by morbid anatomists and the contortions of strained ingenuity that it is compelled to take to the circus and to call in the beasts of the field as *dramatis personae*?

No wonder that such playwrights as we have become, crook-backed and cross-eyed by straining backbone and optics, in contemplating the unnatural antics of the stage originated in the superheated atmosphere of Europe. By such wild departures from all that is legitimate and wholesome, the field of nature and human character is left free to be taken possession of by cis-Atlantic writers, who are free to deal with proper subjects of their own selection.

It would seem as if we had been dominated so long by alien monstrosities that we are held to be submissive culprits for whatever absurd venture upon decency and credulity may be undertaken and foisted upon us by the foreign speculators and showmen.

Some Foreign Mems.

From an Occasional Correspondent.

LONDON, July 14.

The other day the Baroness and Mr. Burdett-Coutts entertained the members of the Congress of Chambers of Commerce of the Empire and the representatives of the colonies and India at a garden party at Holly Lodge, Highgate, the favorite residence of the Baroness, and the most beautiful seat in London's northern heights. There were about two thousand guests, who were most graciously received by the Baroness and her husband, Mr. Burdett-Coutts. The band of the Coldstream Guards discoursed delightful music in the grounds. Elaborate refreshments were provided in marquees specially erected in the spacious grounds.

The most distinguished literary and society people in London were present. Among these were the Earl and Countess of Edlesleigh, Lord and Lady Seafield, Lord and Lady Escher, Lady Falmouth and daughters, the Duchess of Marlborough, the Countess of Harrington, the Belgian Minister, the Chinese Minister, Sir Saul and Lady Samuel, the Commissioners for the Colonial and Indian Exhibition, Mr. and Mrs. Saville Clarke, Miss Annie Wake-man, of the Boston Herald, and others.

It was one of the most aristocratic gatherings of the London season now rapidly growing to its brilliant close. Mirror readers will be interested to recall the fact that the Baroness is the step-granddaughter of the great Harriet Mellon, whose pure life and dramatic gifts did so much to elevate the English stage. Harriet Mellon married the rich banker to the Crown, the widower Mr. Coutts. Their marriage being without issue, Madame Mellon-Coutts centred her maternal love on her favorite step-granddaughter, little Angelina Burdett, whom she made her heir, on condition that she should add the name Coutts to her own as a perpetual family name, for Harriet Mellon gratefully loved her generous, aged husband. On his death she married the young Duke of St. Albans, thus becoming the Duchess of St. Albans. Her will left Angelina Burdett Coutts the richest maiden in England, who lately was given the title of Baroness.

by the Queen of England solely on account of her womanly virtues and beneficent deeds to those less favored by fortune than herself. The late Earl Shaftesbury was her co-laborer in generous public acts.

The Baroness, though an elderly lady, is one of the most charming, well bred gentlewomen in Europe, and is an honored guest at all European courts. Burdett-Coutts, her husband, is many years her junior. He is an American and his name was Ashmead Bartlett, but he took the title Burdett Coutts in conformity with the wishes of the Baroness, who thus carried out Harriet Mellon's desires of perpetuating the name. The Baroness was Henry Irving's first practical friend and patron. Her interest in the great tragedian brought before the London public this struggling provincial player, who else might never have been heard of in London or in America. A magnificent painting of Harriet Mellon, Duchess of St. Albans, and one of Henry Irving, are among the Baroness Burdett-Coutts' most valued possessions.

The beautiful Nard Almayne, whose marriage to Nelson Decker deprived the stage of a gifted actress, owns a charming seaside residence a few hours from London by rail, at Hythe, in Kent County. It is called "The Rest," and is situated on a hill sheltered by trees from the full view of passing tourists. "The Rest" is a bower of fruit and flowers. Mrs. Decker, nee Nard Almayne, paints, sculps, photographs and entomologizes to her heart's content. Next to Harry Edwards she has the finest private collection of insects in the world. Her father, Professor Varley of cable fame, died not long since, leaving a comfortable addition to her already ample means. Mrs. Decker is liberally educated, and a fine general linguist. She is permanently located in England, and is noted as a d. lightful hostess to those literati who have the honor of her acquaintance.

Anna Bulkeley Hills, of St. Bartholomew's choir, New York, sang Guonod's "The Lord of Love my Shepherd is" on the occasion of Henry Ward Beecher's first sermon in England, July 4, at Dr. Parker's church. Mrs. Hills is negotiating with H. Martin Van Lennep for several contralto songs to be especially written for her. She returns to New York in a few weeks. At about the same time Mr. Van Lennep visits America to arrange for the American sale of his newest London successes. Mr. Vannep is next year to be presented at Court, and, it is rumored, is to do some special musical work for the Court concerts at Buckingham Palace.

Atherton Furlong, whose art reception was such a success in New York, is at work on a painting for a well known London actor. His last painting, a study of castle, is being successfully exhibited at a popular Bond street gallery. Mr. Furlong has much of the charm of the Rosa Bonheur school of art in his most beautiful pictures.

Major Edward Clench gave a "Haymaking party" last week at his residence in Bromley, Kent. Among the two or three hundred art, literary and society guests was seen Mrs. Helen Barry leaning on the arm of a well-known military officer. Miss Barry takes her London company to the provinces in a few weeks.

VIDETTE.

Stage Types.

NO. XV.—THE OLD WOMAN.

Mrs. Araminta Montmorency, nee Higgins, began life as a school teacher and was fairly successful in her vocation. She had the three R's at her fingers ends and the use of the globes was familiar to her soul. She might have gone on for life toiling in this useful but not wildly exciting profession but that on one eventful night she was taken to the theatre to see the great Charlotte Cushman play Lady Macbeth. Araminta was fascinated, enthralled. At last she had found her road in life. "Anche son io pittore," she exclaimed, only she exclaimed in English, not Italian, and she substituted "actress" for "painter." She felt in her virgin bosom that artistic glow that warms those only who are born in the purple, who wear the starry diadem of intellect, not the iron crown of labor. No longer did she find it a delightful task to rear the tender root and teach the young idea how to shoot. In fact she didn't care a continental dime whether it shot or not, and, if it did shoot, whether it hit the mark.

The stage fever was on her. That strange disease that fastens its fangs on the very vitals with such persistent hold that not even Pasteur's treatment can save the patient from rabies. At first she assuaged her dramatic thirst by getting up an elocution class; then by organizing the performance of the milder plays by her pupils. But the thirst grew more intense; she craved for the fiery draught of public applause, and the water gruel of private performance paled upon her palate. At last she could resist no longer. She threw up her situation and repaired to New York with her savings, and the proceeds of a favorite reading, a Soiree d'Adieu she called it, which she perpetrated "By special request of the leading citizens of Pumpkinville in testimony of their appreciation of the talent of our esteemed fellow-townswoman." Arrived in the Metropolis, Araminta lost no time in putting herself under the tuition of a celebrated *Entrepreneur*, an ancient dame who, having been a bad actress in her prime, considered herself admirably calculated to instruct others in the art in which she had failed. At the feet of this instructress Araminta studied the round of legitimate female characters.

Beginning, of course, with Juliet, who learned all the "business"—that is, she acquired the faults of her mistress in addition to her own. She was taught to walk, sit, lie, arise, by rule of art, not nature; her arms were turned into semaphores to signal the meaning of her speech. She "waited the action to the word"—nay, even to the syllable; she "posed," she did everything that people do on the stage and never off it, and being "coached" in this most approved fashion, she invested the remainder of her funds in "putting up" for a week's standing. A gentleman was found who for a consideration took hold of the aspiring damsel and managed her debut. The papers prognosticated a rising star. The house was duly "packed" each night and the "floral tributes" put money into the pockets of the florists and took it out of the pockets of the debutante. The ushers and the deadheads applauded vehemently, and the critics daily encouraged her to go on and prosper. And, indeed, Araminta did not do badly in the school she was trained in; but, unfortunately for her, her early education had been scholastic and therefore pedantic. Her professional instincts had been artificial, not natural, and her acting, although formally correct, and following the established precedents, was stilted and teapotty, such as might have "taken the town" in the "palmy days of the drama," when all was art and none was nature; but, in our present age of rush and rattle, was voted slow and out of date. Offers of engagements did not flow in with the rapidity her manager had assured her would follow her debut; her money was all gone; she was no longer in her first youth, and had taken up the profession too late to serve the long apprenticeship that alone can lead to success, and Araminta was in despair. Her bright visions faded like the mist of morning, but the fever was not cured. She was only in the cold bit, and after vainly besieging the agents she grudgingly accepted an offer to play old woman on the road.

"Oh, what a fall was there, my countrymen!" from Juliet to Lady Capulet. But at least she had the satisfaction of having played Juliet, and during all her subsequent career she took especial pains to let everybody know that but for the bad taste of the public and the stupidity of managers, she would have been at the top of the tree still. Meanwhile by practice and the gradual forgetting of the rules of art she had been coached in, Miss Montmorency is really a very tolerable representative of Mrs. Willoughby, Lady Sneerwell, and the like, and may in time aspire even to Mother Frochard, when she will revel in the reminiscence of the time that she was the heroine of a week.

Letters to the Editor.

AMATEURS IN A PLIGHT.

NEW ORLEANS, La., July 19, 1886.

Editor New York Mirror:—I beg to call your attention to a very inconvenient error which your correspondent unwittingly made in his account of the benefit tendered to Miss Cole here a short time ago. One of us is accused of having been seized with a sudden attack of stage fright, thus necessitating the exclusion of Sullivan's operatic Cox and Box from the programme. This is utterly untrue; we having been costumed and ready to go, when the wig-maker refused to let us do so until his pay was forthcoming from the management. This gentleman being appalled by the promise of one-half of the price agreed upon (the balance to be collected at some indefinite time), another obstacle arose in the form of a muricane strike. Mr. Freuling, the accompanist, refusing to play unless prepaid, and (unknown to us, who were in the dressing-room) it was falsely announced that one of us was ill.

Now it is not reasonable to imagine that, after ten years, more or less, of experience on the amateur stage, we should, at this late day, have an attack of the style mentioned, being, as you will admit, pretty well acclimatized by this time. In justice to ourselves as well as to our friends, who read your paper, I beg you will rectify the error. I would also call your attention to the ingratitude of the management, who, after soliciting our services, which we gave gratuitously, put us then in so false a light before our friends and the public.

I am, yours resp'y,

W. BLAKE.

A JOURNALIST'S EXPLANATION.

NEW YORK, July 27, 1886.

Editor New York Mirror:—The article which you publish in last week's Mirror containing manifestly absurd statements made by Mr. Mansfield's agent with reference to the publication of a page of illustrations for Prince Karl, but on the day the matter was spoken of dropped in to see Mr. Bonta at the Madison Square. In the course of our conversation the cut of Ermine, which we had recently published, was referred to, as was also one of Engaged, which Mr. Bonta had contracted for with the *Kynote*, and I asked Mr. Bonta if Prince Karl would not make a good illustrated page for the paper. Mr. Bonta said: "I will introduce you to Mr. C.," who on hearing of the details of the idea promptly offered \$5 for the page, an amount which would cover the cost of the drawing and electrotype.

Mr. C. a few minutes later said he would have to see Mr. Mansfield before he closed, and asked me to call in the morning, and subsequently submitted a number of absurd propositions on a basis of taking a certain number of copies, any one of which would have resulted in a positive loss to the *Kynote*.

It appeared to me from Mr. C.'s erratic and unbusinesslike manner that he really was not empowered to make contracts, and I left him without reaching any conclusion.

The next afternoon I called on Mr. Mansfield, with whom I am slightly acquainted, and made the original proposition. That was that the Prince Karl people pay twenty-five dollars, the cost of the drawing and cut, both of which they should afterward own; the *Kynote* simply getting the benefit of the illustration. This does not look like sharp practice, does it? The sum of "fifty dollars" was never mentioned in the transaction. A proposition was afterward made to the publisher of the *Kynote* by Mr. C. of so silly a nature that the communication was unanswered. Mr. Mansfield was perfectly satisfied with the arrangement I made, as stated above, but Mr. C. felt piqued that he had not been permitted to show his employer how valuable an agent he was, and has evidently filed Mr. Mansfield's mind with mis-statements similar to those published in the *Mirror*.

With regard to the statement with reference to real. I learned I had been misinformed and made the correction in last week's issue; a course that would scarcely show malice. All other statements made in the *Kynote* in the article referred to, are positively true and can be substantiated. The *Kynote* has been outcups with regard to Prince Karl from the first. There is no doubt about Mr. Mansfield's cleverness as an entertainer, and against him personally I hold no feeling but the right to criticism. The business of the *Kynote* was once afforded by the real author of "White Wings" was very deferential, so I carefully omitted mentioning his name by publishing the above you will oblige.

Very truly yours,
WILLIAM ADDISON CLARK.

The Giddy Gusher.



It seems very strange that clever men should be eternally cropping up on the stage and not one really remarkable woman. At the present time we have a multitude of amusing actors, but please point me out one woman who has a sense of humor or notable comic ability in the same degree as Nat Goodwin, Francis Wilson, De Wolf Hopper, Roland Reed and a dozen or so others. There are a few old timers lingering on the boards who have passed as comedienne for many years; but for a stand-off to Goodwin, Wilson, Hopper and Reed, where is the young and clever comic woman? There are several women in the profession who are splendid fun off the stage, but never attempt anything like a laugh on it.

Clara Morris is a comic genius in private life; but she never had the least ambition to be funny on the stage.

Madeleine Lucette is one of the wittiest, most amusing little women in the world; but the sad, the plaintive and the sentimental take possession of her the minute she fronts the footlights.

And among the very young members of the ranks, whatever their qualifications for fun in private life, they are all clutching for unpleasant things on the stage. A heroine in rags, a tattered, weeping creature, battered by fate, is about the size they get measured for as soon as they can.

When Nelly Weathersby came to this country she saw so much fun in everything, she said so many droll things, that I thought very likely on the stage she'd make a very clever soubrette. Good mercy! she's gone in for the Ogaritas and the Henrietta orphans and Bess Marks, and there isn't a smile in her repertoire to-day.

The only girl I have seen lately who had beauty, style and fun in her, is a little creature who played in A Tin Soldier that small maid who was constantly coming on with messages from her mistress and impudent speeches of her own. How much of her cleverness was taught her by Hoyt, or how much of her ability was her own, I can't say on so short an acquaintance; but she is a lovely little girl to look at and possesses more accomplishments than any other new-comer I can call to mind.

For several seasons I was anxious to see this Miss Fuller who had been the subject of a multitude of paragraphs in the papers. There was such a sameness in the flavor of their construction that I thought her admirers might be more eloquent than numerous, and when the most ardent and ancient of them assured me she was not only the coming woman, but the one who had got here, and I would find she needed very little, I tried to find him after the performance and tell him a barrel of salt would be a good investment. Now, in the best possible spirit, let me tell Miss Loie Fuller how—if she happens to be a sensible girl—she can do something with her opportunities. The fatal gifts of grace and beauty are not yours, Miss Fuller, and therefore there is much more for you to do to win a place in your profession. You have a nice singing voice, but you are not a Patti, and when your own efforts make a bad break in a duet don't lose your temper and look at the unoffending party as if the whole chromatic scale had been insulted and the science of thorough bass unseated. Avoid senseless wiggles and those sudden gymnastics over the backs of chairs and the tops of ottomans, that betray not only an intense effort to be boyishly funny, but an utter inability to do so.

Because you have seen your name in little squibs throughout the press lately, be not inflated. Carefully investigate the road by which they got there, and be proportionately elated. Listen to your director, and carefully follow out instructions. You may know a great deal, but you have not lived long enough to know it all. You may be the most tractable, plastic person in the profession, but you bear, at every point you present to an audience just now, an announcement, as plain as a placard, of self-sufficiency and know-it-all-iveness.

Sandpaper that unpleasant varnish off your personality as soon as possible. It antagonizes an audience directly they see you. I don't know anything that is much thought of in a raw state but cucumbers and crude petroleum. Certainly actresses require a great deal more finish than young women for domestic consumption, and a hoydenish, frolicsome character needs as artistic handling as Lady Macbeth.

Therefore accept suggestions; carry out, with such faithfulness as you can, the outlines given you of a part by the author, actor or manager most interested.

I take this much interest in the matter, because you are undoubtedly a clever girl, and have jumped into a series of opportunities quite phenomenal, and because I don't want to see you make a mess of Nat Goodwin's new piece while playing Jack Sheppard, with the methods you used in the play of Humberg.

I feel sorry Alice Harrison did not come into the cast. She is the ideal Jack. A crop wig and a gold laced red coat could be put on one of her photographs and made to play the part better than many of the later comers upon the stage.

But if I complain at the lack of ability among the young actresses of our stage, just wait for the blooming batch that is coming across from London. Miss Eastlake with Barrett; the Rosina Vokes party bring Maude Millet in Miss Chester's place, and Violet Cameron will be here as one star and Fortescue as another. It's a noble party.

(Lord Lonsdale comes over to pilot as well as pay for the Cameron folks, and Lord Lonsdale is expressing much anxiety lest the similarity of their names get him mixed with the management.)

In Eastlake, New York will see an imitation of Ellen Terry's appearance, without a particle of Ellen's genius. It's the lantern without the light. She is mild and don't wear corsets, and dresses like an Esthete. She sticks out her chin and tangles her hair in a terrible manner, and there the imitation ends. Miss Millet will never replace that beautiful Miss Chester who shone in Rosina Vokes' ranks last season. She is neither a startling actress nor a pretty woman, and therefore Maude Millet won't be sung about like Maude Muller on her advent among us.

Violet Cameron is a handsome, statuesque woman. She knows it; she thinks about it all day, and she dreams how good-looking she is every night. You won't need to keep this fact set up; she'll do it for you. Every action denotes her knowledge of her attraction. I shall be wonderfully surprised if either she or Mr. Brough are liked in New York. I saw the gentleman in a burlesque on The Lady of Lyons, and thought he might be very good in legitimate comedy, as he was truly dreadful in extravaganza. I then saw him in Tony Lumpkin, and made up my mind that he must be excellent in tragic-emotional parts, as he was the hardest sawed out funny man I ever met. I haven't seen him yet in The Stranger or Hamlet, but stick to my belief that as he is great, he must be great in those things.

Arthur Roberts is a darling. He sings and whistles and imitates, and is very funny; but I believe he won't come with the troupe after all.

Miss Fortescue was in the D'Oyly Carte chorus of Iolanthe, and no one found out how clever she was nor how beautiful she is. I'm afraid that, though her case is more recent than the Tichborne affair, she will find trading on the notoriety of a *cause celebre* is no more profitable in her case than it proved in the poor Claimant's late lecture raid.

Well, bless 'em! let 'em come. "Uncle Sam has land enough to give us all a farm," sings the schoolboy. They can all go out on farms where they lay their own eggs if theatrical business fails.

In the meantime the Gusher gave some friends a wild night of it this week. A dear old gentleman from Connecticut, with his Hard-shell Baptist wife and a Dissenting sister-in-law, was, in an evil moment, possessed to go see your valued and steady contributor. She liked it (?). They came in the morning and went to the Acqueduct shafts and over my High Bridge, and up the Incline Railway, and saw all the natural and unnatural beauties of the place. I extended all my hospitality. They got bitten by one or more of my dogs, and in the evening, in the solemn shadows, I discoursed cheerfully on hydrophobia and kindred topics. At ten, having lined themselves with ice-cream and lemonade, I told 'em a few refrigerating stories of spirits, while Pop talked with a man who had come from the city to see him on business. Gradually this stranger drifted into the conversation and the question of whether Brodie jumped off High Bridge early on the morning of Sunday week was discussed. I knew he hadn't, because nothing occurs in this place without my immediate supervision.

The attempt was voted suicidal, and as a pleasant contingent the different modes of suicide were discussed.

"Hanging," the stranger said, "was an easy, desirable, comfortable way of shuffling off." And then the old fellow shuffled to catch a train.

I went to look after their sleeping quarters, and very shortly we parted for the night. In ten minutes a wild shriek rang through the house. Pop sprang into the passage, crying that "Mr. —, his friend, who had just gone, had committed suicide." The gentleman had a full beard of milk-white whiskers. I had hurriedly rolled up a goat-skin mat, furry side out; pulled one coat under another, that made it fat and human-body like; buttoned the coat round the mat; put

a hat on it and buttoned a pair of pants round the mat under the coat; took a trunk strap, bucked it into the coat; pulled some of the goat's hair out for flowing whiskers and hair, and hung the whole machinery over the top of a half-closed door.

"He's hung himself—he's hung himself! Oh, the horrid sight," yelled the venerable gentleman. They poured up from the bar, while the Gusher whipped round the piazza and dropped the dummy through the window and threw it into the garden, just as a group of travelling people pushed open the bedroom door.

No hanged man met their eager gaze. Mr. — began to be startled from his attitude of horror.

"I tell you it was there," he said, pointing to the door. "It was poor Mr. —. I saw his white hair."

"How many did you take at the bar when you went to see the suicide off?" I asked.

This roused the ire of the woman, for Pa was a temperance man. It was a long time before tranquility was restored. Pa and ma went to bed, and the Dissenting sister had the next room. I gave 'em one hour for composure, when I started the spirit business. I had hung a trunk key by a thread over the gas fixture; put the thread out the door attached to a pin stuck in the casing; then I took the long-handled duster, filled a glove with sand, sewed it up, tied it on the brush handle, and dipped it in a water picher.

This was the spirit-hand with a vengeance. perched on a table, I could lay the spirit hand on their slumbering faces by reaching through the transom; and by pulling on the thread I could tick, tick, tick, a sort of death watch on the chandelier in the adjoining room.

The clammy hand slapped the old man's cheek like a newly invented mosquito-smasher. Then it travelled across the old woman's nose and rested a moment, like a benediction, on her brow. Simultaneously three shrieks rang out, and all was confusion again. Table, dust brush, spirit-hand and Gusher disappeared by magic. Then that sympathetic soul went down the corridor and inquired with others what it all meant. It was convulsing to hear Ma and Pa describe the awful hand that had awakened them. The Gusher stood at the open door and faintly pulled the little thread. Tick, tick, went the mysterious noise. The Dissenting sister said she'd heard it all night. Weak and weary, broken quite up, Mr. — and his sister tourists turned up in the morning.

"Dear Miss Gusher, you will forgive us. We meant to visit you for certainly at least a week, but after this dreadful night, really, I think we'll go right home," said the bedraggled family.

"I hate to part with you," warbled the Gusher.

"But we could never endure such an experience again."

"It isn't likely to occur. They were mere hallucinations produced by our exertion in sight-seeing."

"No, no, no," chorused the gang; "it would kill us. Good-bye, good-bye. We don't see how you can live there. It's spirit work we're sure."

And so they faded from my gaze like a beautiful dream, in three sections, and here I am to day a rejoicing GIDDY GUSHER.

Revival of Robert Macaire.

Harold Forsberg, one of the best of our eccentric comedians, nowadays called "character actors," is about to try his fortunes in a revival of Robert Macaire. Mr. Forsberg's abilities are admirably suited to the delineation of the rogueries and eccentricities of this prince of rascals. Yesterday a MIRROR reporter had a conversation with W. A. Teegarden, Mr. Forsberg's manager.

"We will get together a strong company for the production," said Mr. Teegarden. "An especial feature will be the *fête champêtre*, in which there will be dancing. Signor Operi is arranging the incidental and dance music. My faith in Mr. Forsberg's success is unbounded. By the way, we will use Charles Fechter's version of the play. We are succeeding very nicely in our bookings, most of the time being filled in week-stands. Among the principals engaged are Inez Rochelle and W. P. Sheldon."

Professional Doings.

—James H. Wallick will open August 20, at Red Bank, N. J., with The Bandit King.

—Joseph Daniels, manager of Wilson and Rankin's Minstrels, is in the city on a visit.

—Dickie Martinez has been engaged by Hoyt and Thomas for the Rag Bady company.

—Walter Hudson has booked twenty weeks for Edmund K. Collier in Metamora and Jack Cade.

—Ada Gray opens her season in A Ring of Iron on August 30, at Ford's Opera House, Baltimore.

—The Eden Musee does not perceptibly help business at the California Theatre, San Francisco.

—Louis James' company will meet for rehearsals at McVicker's Theatre, Chicago, on Monday, August 16.

—C. W. Vance, stage manager of the Gladiator Company, has arrived in town and is getting ready for rehearsals.

—H. S. Taylor has been appointed sole agent of the New Oliver Opera House, South Bend, Ind., which opens its season on Sept. 25 with J. M. Hill's Pepita company.

—M. C. Van Winkle, the young manager of the Academy of Music at Parkersburg, W. Va., is at the Morton House.

—Corydon F. Craig will open the season of the Gillis Opera house, Kansas City, on Sept. 6, with Joseph Jefferson.

—James Schonberg, the author of Not One Word, vests all rights to the play in himself. The play is in the market.

—County Fair dates at Garnett, Kas.—August 24 to 27—are open. Manager Kauffman prefers drama or light opera.

—J. J. Rosenthal, manager of the Weston Brothers, who star next season in Our Minstrel Boys, has booked thirty weeks.

—Robert Buchanan's play Sophia is the property of Lester Wallace. He warns managers and others against infringements.

—Branch O'Brien, the "Ghost" of the Denver Tribune, has been engaged by George W. June as the *avant courier* of Viola Allen.

—William Eversole, for several seasons connected with Haverly's enterprises, has been secured by J. H. Mack for The Gladiator.

—H. B. Clarke, manager of the Academy of Music, Halifax, N. S., has received the greetings of many friends on the Square this week.

—P. S. Mattox has returned from the West, and is now located at Taylor's Exchange, completing preparations for the tour of Lillian Lewis.

—Kate Castleton is at the Alcazar Theatre, San Francisco, for the present fortnight. She had a large house to greet Crazy Patch on Monday night. Charley Reed was in the support.

—Manager James Fennessy, of the firm of Hubert Heuck and Co., Cincinnati, will probably lease the People's Theatre in that city to Sigmund Gabriel, late of the Vine Street Opera House.

—Paul R. Albert is the manager of the New Opera House at Chattanooga, Tenn. Forty leading citizens are the stockholders. The Bijou Opera company opens the house on Oct. 4.

—Having secured William Muldoon for the combat scene in The Gladiator, R. L. Downing has taken the athlete down to his farm in Virginia, there to indulge in short-sword practice.

—Manager James E. Fennessy, of the firm of Hubert Heuck and Co., Cincinnati, will probably lease the People's Theatre in that city to Sigmund Gabriel, late of the Vine Street Opera House.

—James Collins, business manager of the Coney Island of the West Excursion Company, is negotiating with the owner of the Vine Street Opera House in Cincinnati for a lease of that resort.

—F. E. Davis has been engaged as associate manager of the Hungarian Gypsy Students. Mr. Davis has been the energetic *avant courier* of many prominent musical organizations during past seasons.

—Isaac Bloom, the well-known theatrical costumer, of 124 Fifth avenue, sailed for Europe on Wednesday by the steamer *Eider*. He will visit London and Paris in search of the latest novelties for the Fall and Winter season.

—The private car in which Adelaide Moore travels this season will bear her name. It is said to be the most elaborate car ever built. It is from the workshops of the Mann-Bondoir Car Company, and will be delivered on Oct. 1.

—Henry Chanfrau goes under new management. A. B. Anderson has taken charge of his interests. Mr. Anderson would like to hear from managers who have booked Mr. Chanfrau, and from those who would like to book him.

—Hal Clarendon has not yet signed for the season. He is spending the summer months at the Inebriety Home at Eighty-sixth street and Madison avenue, that managers who already appreciate his acting may have renewed confidence in him.

—Greene's Opera House, at Cedar Rapids, Iowa, was last week slightly damaged by fire. The injury has been repaired and the interior is now more handsome than ever. The opening of the regular season will take place on the set date, August 2.

—The next season of Michael Strogoff under the management of Charles L. Andrews opens in Chicago on August 30. Mr. Andrews writes that he has entirely new scenery, and will carry along sixteen handsome young ladies for the minut carnival.

—Workmen have been busy for over a week past at the front of the Bijou Opera House, and the result is that that structure is taking on a much more presentable appearance. In fact, its exterior now compares favorably with any theatre in the city.

—H. J. Sargent has established this week "The Adelaide Moore Aerial Express," which consists of forty carrier pigeons that are let off at the Union Square Hotel every Wednesday and Saturday afternoons, conveying messages to him at his home in Plainfield, N. J.

—Randall's Theatrical Bureau is arranging a route for the Angelo Grand Italian Opera company, of which Mile. Valda will be the prima donna. The company will comprise about one hundred people. It will be seen at popular (opera) prices—that is, two dollars being the highest charge for seats anywhere.

—Monday, August 16, will be a busy day for the critics, as it will be the occasion of three openings in the city: The Maid and The Moonshiner at the Standard Theatre, Held by The Enemy at the Madison Square, and Soldiers and Sweethearts at the Bijou Opera House.

—The Star Theatre has been offered Viola Allen in which to make her debut in New York in W. C. Cowper's play, Talked About, although it has not yet been accepted. Miss Allen will be Boston's only lady representative starring in the legitimate field of the drama next season.

—James Owen O'Connor is making preparations to star in an extended repertoire, including Hamlet, Merchant of Venice, Richelieu, Othello, Lady of Lyons, Marble Heart, etc. Mr. O'Connor is rapidly filling his time and feels confident of more than repeating his success of last season.

—Most of the new theatres springing up throughout the country are supplied with Soaman and Landis' scenery. This firm seems to be getting a monopoly of the new houses. They make scenery for travelling companies a specialty. Managers visiting Chicago are especially invited to inspect their studios.

—Frederic Bryton will open his season at the Park Theatre, Washington, August 23. This is also the opening of the regular season at that house.

—The two Polish Brothers, comedians who make up as animals, and the two members of the Parnell family, who appear in a musical act called *Pave de Paris*, are expected to arrive in America tomorrow (Wednesday) on the steamer *Worming*. They are to join Wilson and Rankin's Minstrels.

—For his starring tour in *Derry Coombe*, Edwin F. Mayo has engaged Miss Leland Young, Henry Sloan, James Charles, William Burroughs, Thomas Hamilton, Mrs. Hamilton and Baby Hamilton. Frank Hall will assist to Mr. Mayo's business. The young man begins his venture at Louisville on August 20.

—Vergil has finished the following scenes for The Gladiator: The Roman Arch, The Battlefield of Campagna, showing the Bay of Naples, Mount Vesuvius and the Roman implements of warfare, The Arena. They are all pictures of art, and are pronounced beautifully correct by eminent Roman scholars.

—Music Hall, Norristown, Pa., is undergoing renovation. Sixteen new sets of scenery will be put in. The seating capacity is 1,200, and the stage 40x60. Manager Wallace Brown announces that the season of '96-'97 was the most successful ever known in Norristown. The Randall Bureau is the New York representative of this house.

—Man L. Berry does not wish to be confounded with the agent J. F. Berry who has had a "discussion" with David Davidson about the very latest season of the play *Lost*. Mr. Berry complains of the annoyance of being frequently asked: "What's the trouble between you and Davidson?" These Berrys are of an entirely different variety.

—H. S. Taylor has added to his list of houses the New Opera House at Dubuque, Pa., which is under the management of E. R. Hamilton. The house was owned by John E. Dubois, a millionaire manufacturer, who died last Winter, and who was very eccentric. He built the house specially to exhibit a patent opera-chair of his own invention.

—Temie Dangle has secured a place called *Loose Pine*, by E. J. Crowley. She will star in next season. The play is of the Western order, but it is not truly, nor filled with terror and thunder. Miss Dangle's part is *Heaven Nell*, a rough cow-bitch. J. A. Coleman, the manager, is filling time in good measure. He will begin operations about Sept. 15.

—Fred. Powell has retained E. P. Moore as contracting agent for Zeno. The Zeno company now has a beautiful club. It recently played the *Maid of Malvern* Club in Milwaukee and suffered badly. Some—50 to 75 in five innings. Oliver Arthur, captain of the Zeno, is now looking for a new club in the hope of making a record.

—J. H. Mack has closed contract with William Muldoon, the famous wrestler, to do the combat with Robert Downing (Hercules) in the arena scene of the *Gladiator*. Mr. Muldoon was compelled to relinquish two engagements to wrestle before signing contract with Mr. Mack. He promises to appear in the fighting game in the arena scene in this drama to his former vocation.

—The following is the company for *Adeline and Sweetheart*, which opens at the Bijou Opera House about the middle of August: Sylvia, Gerriah, Rayen Lind, Kate, Ada May Drew, Agnes Holt, Lulu Kerker, Addie Lee, Lizzie Loomis, Nell Darrell, Charles Overton, Henry Davidson, Owen Westford, Charles Allison, Harry Lane, W. H. Ryan; Fred. Introgetti, assistant director.

—M. A. Kennedy has organized the Madison Square Private Secretary company for a two or three weeks' sojourn in Canada, commencing at St. John, N. B., August 2. The company will play *The Secretary* and *The Bank*. Among the people engaged are E. E. Granville, who will take Gillette's place as the Secretary; Matt Snyder, E. A. McDowell, Rose Sawyer, Adele Clark, T. A. Wins, J. H. Brown, Jennie Bartine, Rose Graham and Fanny Barrett. The regular season of the company opens in St. Paul, Minn., on August 30.

—Harry Askin, of Smith and Askin, the new managers of the New Academy of Music at Wilmington, Del., arrived in the city yesterday for the purpose of spending several days in booking attractions for his house. Said Mr. Askin: "I can't stay here very long, but you may be sure I shall be away while I am here. We have made arrangements with E. G. Haynes, who has taken the new Opera House at Norristown, Pa., by which either can book for both houses. My partner and I are spending nearly \$5,000 in fixing up the Opera House. We are putting in entirely new scenery, and doing everything that can be done to make it a first-class theatre. When completed it will be a fac-simile of the Arch Street Opera House, Philadelphia. We have booked a fine list of attractions."

—Howard Paul brought over from England for the consideration of Mrs. D. P. Bowers, a three-act play from the pen of Savile Clarke, the editor of the *Court Circular*, and one of the staff of *Punch*. The play is tragic and emotional in character, and is called *Hypatia*. It is something of a coincidence that Mrs. Bowers produced some years ago at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, a play with precisely the same title and drawn from Kingsley's novel. The piece was not a pronounced success, though Mrs. Bowers is of the opinion that the writing and construction were crude and instinctive, and the Academy of Music too large an arena for the satisfactory representation of a poetic work. Mrs. Bowers has now Savile Clarke's version under consideration. The subject of the philosophic maiden's romantic life is certainly interesting if dramatically treated.

—C. B. Harness, who owns the "Ammonaphone" in England, and who has amassed a large fortune thereby, has arrived in New York, and we learn it is his intention to bring out a company to exploit what is, without doubt, a most popular and desirable invention for the improvement of the tone of the human voice. The "Ammonaphone" is a small instrument resembling a flute, and is charged with an absorbent material saturated with chemical compounds, through which a current of air is drawn into the lungs. Mr. Harness, before a long debate, it seems, with Mrs. Langtry protests that its use "gives richness and roundness to the voice." Adeline Patti has a good word for its usefulness, and Marie Roze never goes upon the stage without a suck at her "Ammonaphone." The instrument possesses all the virtues that Mr. Harness claims, and is thought to achieve an immense success in the country.

The Usher.



Read him who can! The ladies call him, sweet,
—Love's Labor's Lost.

Everything nowadays has a tendency to save time and trouble. Not only do people set their brains at work to devise every imaginable luxury and facility that will grease the cogs and reduce the ceaseless friction of daily life, but there are several philanthropists abroad who exert themselves that we may be saved the trouble of thinking. They lull our minds to rest with the sweet conviction that not only shall we take our cushioned ease undisturbed, but while thus agreeably disposed they will systematically furnish us with a generous supply of original thoughts and opinions, free gratis for nothing. What need to weary our poor brains to produce ideas when they may be had in plenty without even the asking, second-hand? What good in entertaining original views or bothering ourselves to form personal opinions when there are others kind enough to evolve them for us?

I am moved to these reflections by the discovery that attached to several theatres in this city there are men whose business it is to supply the dramatic editors of the daily papers with a varied assortment of fulsome and flattering adjectives, applicable to such plays and actors as may from time to time occupy the boards of the establishments in whose interests they are employed. THE MIRROR is old-fashioned in that it has opinions distinctively its own and a stalwart objection to suffering the expression of any others from extrinsic and interested sources; therefore the labors of the local press-workers are not wasted in this direction. It is different, however, with the dailies, most of whose critics prefer the luxury of having the major part of their thinking done for them by others, and so the manipulators have things pretty much their own way in those quarters. Not only do many of the papers largely admit the "news" matter that is sent them by these interested parties to appear without amendment in their columns, but they frequently permit the managers' agents to pass favorable judgment on dramatic works and individual actors whose merit is infinitesimal.

Emboldened by the extent to which their stuff is used, the press-workers actually have come to consider that a rank injustice has been done them if their matter occasionally fails to find its way into print. They doubtless reason that it is gross ingratitude for a critic to turn his back on so prolific an avenue of ideas and comment. I am told by a gentleman who does the dramatic work for one of the leading morning papers that all last season from one of the combination theatres there was regularly sent down to his office on Monday night an extended puff or notice of whatever performance happened to take place that evening. This particular writer, being rarely conscientious both in respect to his readers and to himself, invariably consigned the box-office "criticisms" to the w. p. b. If the force at his command was insufficient to cover all the theatres where there were changes of bill, he preferred to omit some notices altogether rather than have resort to the popular newspaper cheat of hurriedly "faking" an article or pressing the before-mentioned managerial bulletin into service. But the same gentleman informs me that he has frequently recognized, in the less carefully prepared dramatic columns of other morning papers, duplicates of the stuff he has thrown away.

As there are dramatic editors who, through laziness or incompetence, will allow themselves to be liberally worked by the press-agents, I don't blame the managers much for taking advantage of the opportunity thus afforded to secure favorable and gratuitous mention for the enterprises in which they may be interested. The thing, anyway, encompasses its own defeat, for the public will no more be fooled by lying newspaper notices than by lying posters and advertisements. The business of puffing has spread to such wide proportions, by the way, that it is about time the puffers studied the most efficacious methods of pursuing their misleading traffic, and eschewed the clumsy, transparent tricks which are now solely resorted to. They should learn that the value of a puff, if any, lies in the concealment of its direct intention, and that an object that ought always to be striven for is an appear-

ance of disinterested ingenuousness. Without duly considering these essentials, puffery is apt to produce results quite the reverse of those intended and expected.

In one of Macaulay's most brilliant literary reviews he adverts to puffing—an evil which began to infest the world of letters about the middle of this century—in language quite as forcible and severe as the subject demanded. By paraphrasing some of his remarks so that they are made to apply to the puffing of plays and actors, instead of books and authors, I find that they fit the present occasion admirably. "Whether," he says, "those who formerly lavished insincere praise on others, or those who now contrive by every art of beggary and bribery to stun the public with praises of themselves, disgrace their vocation the more deeply, we shall not attempt to decide. Devices which in the lowest trade are considered as disreputable are adopted without scruple and improved upon with a despicable ingenuity by people engaged in a pursuit which never was and never will be considered as a mere trade by any man of virtue and honor. A butcher of the higher class disdains to ticket his meat. A mercer of the higher class would disdain to hang up a paper in his window inviting the passers-by to look at the stock of a bankrupt, all of the first quality, and going for half the value. We expect some reserve, some decent pride in our hatter and our bootmaker. But no artifice by which notoriety can be obtained is thought too abject for the actor or the manager. It is no excuse for the actor that the praises of journalists are procured by the money or influence of his manager or agent, and not by his own."

"It is for his honor as a gentleman," continues our incisive essayist, "and if he is really a man of talents, it will eventually be for his honor and interest as an actor, that his work should come before the public recommended by its own merits alone, and should be discussed with perfect freedom. If his objects be really such as he may own without shame, he will find that they will, in the long run, be better attained by suffering the voice of criticism to be fairly heard. At present we too often see a player attempting to obtain fame as Shakespeare's usurper obtains sovereignty. The manager plays Buckingham to the actor's Richard. Some few creatures of the conspiracy are dexterously disowned here and there in the crowd. It is the business of these hirelings to throw up their caps and clap their hand, and utter their *vivas*. The rabble at first stare and wonder, and at last join in the shouting for shouting's sake; and then a crown is placed on a head that has no right to it, by the huzzas of a few servile dependents." Could not my readers name several such Richards who are usurping authority in the profession at the present moment?

Sydney Rosenfeld and young Hewitt are not, it seems, to monopolize the field of topical song-writing any longer, for Albert Ellery Berg, a journalist of this town, has come to the fore in this capacity. The ditty, "If I Were Only a Man," which Alice Harrison recently introduced in the last act of *The Maid of Belleville* at Chicago, and which met with much applause, was written by Mr. Berg, who now proposes to turn out some more of the same sort of rhyme. The music was composed by Frank David, the first comedian of the company.

An actor, at present stationed with a Summer company in Maine, writes me as follows: "Let me congratulate THE MIRROR on its endeavors to practically benefit the profession whose special organ it is. By practically, I mean the enlargement of its sphere to teaching as well as disseminating news. In its efforts to technically correct mispronunciations it deserves the applause of all conscientious members of the profession. You would, perhaps, be surprised to know how much discussion the little you have said on this head has excited even within the narrow circle of a Summer company. Let the good work go on." It shall. When the next season fairly begins let the players beware of errors and inelegancies of speech. THE MIRROR's chief will be among ye takin' notes, an' faith, he'll print 'em!

The leading concert managers and pianomakers of this city have sent a communication to the Railroad Association, which meets at Chicago, protesting against the rule that travelling concert organizations are obliged to express their pianos and organs from point to point. The petitioners state that the rule is onerous, inconvenient and, in some instances, impracticable. The heavy express charges make it impossible for a number of troupes to travel over the Association roads. They want the railway people to rescind the objectionable order, and allow concert managers to carry instruments in the baggage cars without charge, their own men loading and unloading them, and the owners releasing the companies from all risks of injury in transportation and responsibility for loss. Among those whose names are appended to this letter are Weber, Steinway, Mason and Hamlin, Chickering, Decker, Sohmer, Major Pond, the Chevalier von Wartegg and Henry Woltsohn. Baggage-cars are ostensibly intended for the transportation of pas-

sengers' personal luggage—they certainly were not meant for merchandise or freight. But if the patronage of the musical parties is sufficiently profitable, I presume the Railroad Association is likely to consent. But imagine the peril of a handsome "concert grand," even though it be securely boxed, in the very heart of the ruthless baggage-smasher's lair!

William Winter has a very succinct account of Joseph Jefferson's ancestry and career in the August *Harper's*. A very inadequate portrait of the comedian as Bob Acres, from J. W. Alexander's painting, forms the frontispiece of this number. The limits of a magazine article are of course too restricted to admit of anything approaching a complete biography or critical review, but Mr. Winter manages to touch upon all the salient and interesting features of the great artist's brilliant stage life, and manages to throw some friendly sidelights upon his many lovable and gentle personal characteristics. The writer, aside from his literary and critical ability, is peculiarly fitted to treat his subject understandingly and appreciatively. Winter for many years has been one of Jefferson's closest friends.

Winter mentions the fact that Jefferson has played more than a hundred parts, and ascribes the fashion of calling him a "one-part actor" to ignorance or injustice. But the critic admits that he has obtained his fame and influence mainly by acting one part. He quotes in this connection a remark made by Charles Mathews and Jefferson's retort.

"I am glad to see you making your fortune, Jefferson," said Mathews, "but I don't like to see you doing it with a carpet-bag"—referring to the limited compass in which our comedian's wardrobe for Rip could be stowed, and to his one-part reputation.

"It is perhaps better," replied Jefferson, "to play one part in different ways than to play many parts all in one way."

The sketch closes with a picturesque description of Jefferson's plantation near Iberia in Louisiana. "It is a place," says the writer, "where any man might be happy. It is an island in the prairie, but high and variegated, containing more than six hundred acres of land, and isolated by a broad, shining, steel-blue lake, and by an arm of one of the bayous of that well-watered country—the country associated with Longfellow's 'Evangeline,' and in which still may be found the race of the exiled Acadians. It is ten miles from the nearest neighbor. Almost every kind of wood that grows may be found growing upon this estate. Some of its trees are nearly three hundred years old, and in Summer the great spreading boughs of these giants are profusely draped, in many a green dell, not only with the long, funeral moss of the South, but with brilliant and odoriferous tropical flowers. Six or eight orange groves are scattered over the place. Many kinds of wild fowl live in the woods and swamps and on the lake, and often the blue waters are cleft by the rapid canoe of the sportsman in pursuit of this delicate and delicious game. In one wild part of this gorgeous solitude an eagle has made his nest on the peak of a tall, stalwart pine tree. Jefferson's dwelling, a spacious mansion embowered by large trees, stands upon a gentle eminence, looking southward, and commands an unbroken prospect of miles and miles of lonely prairie, over which the dark buzzards slowly sail and the small birds flit merrily about, and through which herds of roving cattle, seen in the distance as black and formless shapes, roam lazily around, making a changeful picture of commingled motion and peace. Here, with his wife and children, his books, his pictures, the art of painting for an occupation, and the memories of a good and honored life for a solace, he reaps the harvest of a quiet mind, and calmly looks onward to the sunset of life."

When Manager J. M. Hill, Wegg-like, dropped into poetry and gave to the world that celebrated ballad, "Tender Grace," he probably did not foresee the consequences. Here they are, likewise in verse, perpetuated by Scott Marble. The dramatist sends along a diagram, in the shape of a letter, which says: "These few verses answer in the abstract Mr. Hill's 'Tender Grace,' that no matter how much we may yearn for solace in this busy world, we find annoyances, vexations, disquietude ever and ever more." Mr. Marble describes his effort as a "solitaire" and gives it the title—

EVER MORE.

Gain and loss, and loss and gain,
A little less, and a little more,
Pain and pleasure, pleasure and pain,
Ever and ever more!

Night and day, and day and night,
O'er and o'er, and o'er and o'er,
Out of the darkness into the light,
Ever and ever more!

On and onward drives our bark,
From the shore, and to the shore;
Out of the daylight into the dark,
Ever and ever more.

Now a lover with joy to greet,
Then a heart that is bleeding sore,
Meeting to part, parting to meet,
Ever and ever more.

Giving to take, and taking to give;
Looking backward, looking before;
Living to die, and dying to live,
Ever and ever more.

True and false, and false and true,
Store of good, and evil store,
The day of our life is made of you,
Ever and ever more.

To quote Master Touchstone, "I'll rhyme you so eight years together, dinners and sup-

pers and sleeping hours excepted." Let me serve you, forsooth, with some versified "grace" as precious and tender as one of mine host Dam's shirlin stinks:

On and onward drives our quill,
O'er and o'er, o'er and o'er,
Rains of fondness, time to kill,
Ever and ever more.

Now an author with play to read,
Then a manager bored once more,
Seeding to reap, reaping to seed,
Ever and ever more.

Hill's in the sunshine, Hill's tender grace
(A little less or a little more)
Joys his gay whippers, gladdens his face,
Ever and ever more.

But with the dramatist 'tis not the same
(Scott he's the Marble, or Marble's the Scott),
Lays he behind in the sequel race,
Ever and ever more.

Henry Arthur Jones writes me as follows from his country-seat in Bucks, England, under date of the 15th inst.: "I hoped to get across to America this Autumn and to make a longer stay than I did last year. But business will keep me on this side, I am afraid, for the remainder of the year. I follow Sophia at the Vaudeville with a new three-act comedy of English life; but Sophia is really doing so well that there is no likelihood of my piece being wanted for some time to come. Charles Wyndham has taken the Princess' for Christmas and will produce a four-act melodrama written by me, with Charles Warner in the leading part. When I get safely over these troubles (if I do) I shall make a point of running over to New York."

Mr. Jones says that the elections have thoroughly upset theatrical business on his side for the five weeks previous to his letter, but when he wrote it began to show signs of picking up again. "I get your interesting paper every week," he adds, "and look forward to its arrival. It keeps me well posted in the dramatic doings of a whole continent—a continent, by the way, that has been most generous to me. I always look back with the greatest pleasure to the few weeks I spent on your side."

A correspondent writing from Sherman, Texas, wishes me to settle an argument as to the pronunciation of and derivation of "Semiramis," and also the correct pronunciation of "Eurydice." "Semiramis" is the Italian equivalent for the Assyrian "Semiramis," the *r* being dropped and the syllable *de* added for the sake of euphony—a pre-eminent quality in all the music languages of Southern Europe. Semiramis is a semi-historical, semi-mythical personage, who, according to fabulous tradition, reigned Queen of Assyria about 3000 years B. C.; was renowned as the builder of Babylon, the victrix of many fierce wars, and who finally showed the strength of her maternal love by abdicating in favor of her plotting son Ninus and flying off in the form of a dove. Semiramis is pronounced with the following syllabic division: *Se mir a mi de*. The vowels of course have the Italian sound and the accent of each syllable is even. "Eurydice" is divided thus: *Eu-ryd i ce*, and the same rule applies in respect to accentuation. The word, of course, is of Greek origin.

A young lady well-known in New York society sends me a letter from Cologne that contains some characteristically Kate Shipley-ish observations on men and manners abroad. She is particularly severe on the men she has encountered on the Continent. "In Holland," she writes, "we fought at every ticket-office until I almost exploded with rage. The men have no manners. Often Mrs. B. and myself have had to carry our heavy satchels the whole weary length of a station while the porters stood by and puffed tobacco-smoke in the empty air. The men regard women as beasts of burden, as it were, and accept them as necessary evils for the sake of the work they do and the children they get. Give me an American man, who looks upon my sex as only a little less than the angels. They may not have the *finest* of the Frenchman or the fine form of the Englishman, but the most of them are good and true." Foreign travel certainly develops the latent Americanism in the breasts of our young people, so it is to be encouraged.

My fair correspondent says the first theatre she visited in London was the Gaiety. "While waiting at the door of the theatre for a friend," she continues, "I walked Adonis. I had met him once in New York, so I skipped up to him with a beaming countenance, and a pleasant chat followed. We didn't like our boxes, so I told Mrs. H. she might try the effect of some 'American cheek.' She wrote a note on my card, saying our place was not good, and sent it to H. E. D. He immediately sent word to have us shown forthwith to the Royal box. Wasn't it nice of him? I'm sorry Adonis doesn't exactly take in London. The shop scene—one of the best, I thought—had to be cut out altogether."

While out riding at Stewartville, N. J., the other day, Leslie Gossin was thrown from a wagon. One of the wheels passed over his right collar-bone and right arm, fracturing the collar bone and bruising the arm and hand. Mr. Gossin will be confined to the house, so the doctors say, for three weeks. He seems to be peculiarly unfortunate in respect to accidents. While playing in Boston some time ago he sustained an injury whereby he lost one of his fingers.

Some time ago Mrs. Warbrick wrote a drama

called *Marked Dots*, which several judges have highly commended. When friends to witness a representation of it, no other means being at hand, she arranged a miniature theatre, with scenery, "puffs" and lifelike illuminations, and with the accessories a performance was given to a select audience the other evening at the lady's residence in Jersey City. By one who was present I am told the representation was absolutely and Marion Dale's premiere had all the elements of success.

Mr. Gillette's New Play.

"I will spare no expense to make *Hold by the Enemy* a success," said William H. Gillette to a *Mirror* reporter the other day. "Rehearsals are to begin on next Monday. I have gotten together a splendid company. It will include, besides myself, Melbaire McDowell, Charles S. Dickson, Mrs. Farrow, Kathryn Kilder, Louise Dillon and Harry Woodson, the latter having been specially engaged to play a negro part. It is true that Richard Mansfield offered me \$5,000 for the two weeks beginning August 16, the date for my production; but it is also true that I am now offered him the same sum for two of his weeks, so that I could have an earlier representation in the city."

"There will be entirely new scenery, which is now being painted by Richard Mansfield. The church scene will be something magnificent, while the brief scene and furniture in the interior scene have been taken from an old Virginia house. The costumes used in the first act were built from models of those at Fort Hamilton—one of them being a fac-simile of the eleven-inch smooth-bore gun then capable of throwing a 75-pound ball 2,000 feet. We shall play at the Madison Square for eight weeks, or until the regular season opens on Oct. 15. Harry Rockwood, our manager, has booked twelve to fourteen weeks after that, and I think that the prospects are good for a profitable season."

Mr. Ellsler's New Theatre.

John Ellsler, the veteran manager, came up to the city from his residence at Long Branch on Monday, and was escorted by a *Mirror* reporter willingly consented to an interview. He was accompanied by his son, John J. Ellsler.

"Last season's business in Philadelphia was a great improvement over the season before," he said, "and we expect great things this coming season. During the Summer the Opera House, which I will manage personally, will be renovated and refurbished. In Cleveland, as you doubtless know, we are building a new house. It will be known as the Park Theatre. I gave up the old Academy last Spring, and I hear it is to be turned into a variety theatre."

"The Park Theatre is being built at a cost of about \$75,000. We expect to open about Sept. 6. It will seat fully 1,500, and is located right in the business part of the city—in the square known as Monument Park. The principal hotels are handy. It is a grand. The decorations will be Moorish. Columbia Opera company will be the opening attraction."

"My son will act as treasurer and manager of the new house, although in fact, as ever before, I will manage both houses. A. J. Shelton will be treasurer of the Pittsburgh house. The new melodrama, *Bound to Success*, will open the house on August 30. Time for both houses is booked up to May, and among the principal attractions I may mention Edwin Booth, Lawrence Barrett, Wilton Barrett, Violet Cameron Opera company, Louis James and about five opera companies. I shall go Cleveland on Thursday to look after matters there, returning to Long Branch in a week or ten days."

A Road Casino Company.

"There is to be a permanent travelling Casino company the coming season," said Edward Aronson to a *Mirror* reporter the other day. "It will be a company made up of members of the Casino, and will start out early in November, opening in Cincinnati. Six months have already been booked, and there will without a doubt be a great demand for it. While just now I cannot say who will compose the company, I will assert that it will be very strong. It will carry along all the original costumes and scenery just as used at the Casino. Ermine will be presented, but other operas of our repertoire will be in readiness."

"The organization that leaves this city with the stamp of the Casino on it will give a first-class performance in every respect. There will be a big orchestra, and the company will probably visit only the large cities."

"The reason for this new move is owing in great measure to the faith which we have in Ermine, which is without doubt the biggest success the Casino has ever had. There will be but one travelling Casino company—no more. All matters regarding the organization are not yet arranged, but I hope to see them completed in a few days."

John Reed, the father of Roland Reed, left this city for his home in Philadelphia on Saturday last, after being away seventeen days, the longest trip he has ever made from home for many years. He has been engaged by George C. Brotherton for the Temple Theatre. It had been his intention to retire, but after a year's absence from work he found that time hung so heavy on his hands that he decided to return to active service and to overcome.

The Fatal Influence of Long Runs.

A story is told of an Irish actor in the last century who, upon a piece reaching the unprecedented run of fifty nights, forgot his lines. The manager remonstrated next day, when the actor replied, "Shure, now, yer don't expect a man to recollect wan thing for iver do yer?" What would he have said if for three years he had been demonstrating in Hazel Kirke how easily the American public can be pleased, or if year after year he kept on selling his individuality in The Devil's Auction, or

Like a babbling brook
That still goes on for ever,
From the old Black Crook
Connection never sever.

Long runs and the road are destroying the actor's art. That profession which of all others ought to be free from all taint of specialism is fast degenerating into a specialism of the meanest order. It is easy to understand why, in the vast extent and variety of the world's transactions at the present day, there should be in many learned pursuits a tendency for men to single out some branch of learning and devote all their skill to a complete mastery of it. The causes which make one lawyer devoted, say to shipping law, another learned in real estate, a third to equity and a fourth to criminal law, are complex enough, it is true; but they are referable to the fact that the vast general body of legal learning and practice is beyond the grasp of any one mind in the course of a lifetime which is all too short even to read the books upon the subject. In the face of this, men, unable to carry the whole cargo, shoulder a part manfully and carry it well. Again, in the medical profession the discoveries and appliances of science have been so extraordinary and have so startlingly revealed the fact that even yet philosophers are but upon the threshold of a knowledge of organic creation—that scientists are, as it were, tempted along separate avenues of investigation by a siren voice that sings, "Search deeper, deeper yet within the well of truth." Each branch of physical inquiry is worthy of the study of a lifetime, and the surgeon who studies a special organ will have a special usefulness in its treatment.

Still, in these cases which have an air of plausibility in their favor, grave inconveniences have at times been found and grave injustice often done through the narrowness of knowledge displayed by specialist lawyers who have been elevated to the bench, and the great medical specialists of metropolitan centres would be little better than learned dummies in a country village.

Take, again, the case of manufacturing arts. The desire for large profits has led to such divisions and sub-divisions of labor that men and women pass their whole lives in some monotonous, mechanical act, such as folding a paper, sticking a dab of glue, or pointing a wire with a file, till all generalization is humdrumed out of them, and if their employer fails or their health fails they become helpless paupers, dependent on public charities.

But what of specialism in the arts of culture, and particularly in the actor's art? Here the evils of specialism, the demoralizing monotony of a solitary groove, become apparent from their exaggerated and irreparable effects. The plausible arguments in favor of speciality in the sciences disappear when it is seen that the highest art depends upon the breadth of observation, the profundity of knowledge and the extent of experience which its devotee possesses. The painter and the sculptor who would rise to the high pinnacles of Fame's temple must know the forms and colors, the disposition, nature and grouping of nearly all things in heaven and earth and much of the natural laws which affect them. They must know the history and the habits of mankind and much of the constructive arts.

The statesman whose knowledge of public affairs should be confined to one country or one department would only hold a portfolio so long as he could conceal his ignorance. The orator who could only speak on one topic and could not adorn even that by allusions to the whole range of literature and learning would soon be speaking to empty benches, for every topic in this world is so curiously bound up in a kind of lacwork of human affairs that it is difficult to conceive of any action or even thought, however slight, which has not its relative function and effect upon the whole world of nature, both physical and moral. And the journalist—well, the journalist must be a sort of encyclopedia if he would wield the mighty power of the pen.

The actors art—the art which holds the mirror up to nature. To nature! How general—how comprehensive! Can this field be narrowed without injury? It is no less than nature herself that furnishes to the actor the material for his art and the arena of his exposition.

Every influence from within or without which limits the sympathy of the actor with every phase of human thought which human language can express or human expression convey, narrows his capabilities and withdraws from his armory a weapon. Human life is so complex a thing, so interwoven, such a mixture of vice and virtue in the same person, such conflicting motives, such subtlety, such differing powers, such differing circumstances, when we regard the man, and yet so constant and unvarying, so unchanging throughout the records of history, so equal in the princely leader and the lowly serf, when we regard the numberless passions and reasons which away human action and prompt to deeds of love or

crime, to acts of cowardice or daring. How can the actor do justice to such a network but by long study and practice in all the varying shades of human passion? The true and finished actor may be compared to the grand cathedral organ by which the whole gamut of passion may be set forth in every changing key and mood. Shall we pass, without protest, by any pitiful influence which tends to reduce him to a poor fiddle that will only play one tune?

Where shall we look among the generation of to-day for the giant minds that grasped the whole range of the human intellect in its outward expression? Where are the Kembles, the Garricks, the Sheridans of to-day? Where can we look for a Forrest, an Edmund Kean or a Phelps, a Mrs. Siddons, a tragedienne like Charlotte Cushman, or the graceful, versatile women such as Madame Tyrell? The few names which now are the leading spirits of the profession and its master exponents, such as Booth, Irving, Wallack and Salvini, are really men of the last generation who stand out conspicuous, like the splendid columns of the ruined Baalbeck, only, as it were, to show how glorious a temple there has been.

Let it not be inferred that there are not now great numbers of actors and actresses of great historic skill and natural talent. On the contrary, the onward march of general culture, the facilities for travel, the extended supply of public information, and the vast patronage accorded to the drama in all parts of the world, all tend to bring into the ranks a higher class of natural talent, a higher standard of education and a greater refinement of taste.

There are multitudes of actors, honored in their art, who rise, in spite of the drawbacks of the epoch, to a position far above mediocrity; but still they do not furnish examples like those we have named, but rather tend to prove how much they are trammelled by a vicious system.

For the past few years managers, with the money making question paramount in their minds, have been in the habit of running a piece which strikes the popular fancy, fairly into the earth; have carried it along till the signs become unmistakable that the last coin was squeezed from the public—the very last drop of sugar in the cane extracted. The consequence of this has been that companies have been kept together for months and even years without any necessity, much less stimulus, for new study. Very often when the public of the Metropolis has been played out the play is put on the road, and the same process of fossilizing actors into a solitary rôle goes on again for months and years.

It is destructive to versatile talent, and if the system goes on it will bring the profession to an almost puerile level. It will bring about a state of things where we shall have a single part as the extent of an actor's ability, and with it an overweening conceit, so far as the actor is concerned, that it is the only part worth playing. The dulling effect of a life passed in the monotony of a daily repetition of the same thing, without the brain making new efforts, will in time convert the Forrest Home into a crowded lunatic asylum and exhaust the Actors' Fund by provision for softened brains. Already the vicious system is telling upon the public, who now are attracted, not by good acting half so much as by fine figures and handsome faces. It has told unfortunately (perhaps fortunately, if the lesson is read aright) upon a clever and otherwise promising actor, who, from having first been successful as the hind legs of a dancing cow, and secondly, successful as exhibiting a manly figure, catching a ball dexterously, and broadly caricaturing a popular player, came to think he could carry all Europe with him, and force to admiration the peoples which have been educated by two centuries of fine acting from the time of Betterton to the present hour. The painful undeceiving that actor has experienced will, if he read between the lines, raise him to a higher standard. Suppose for a moment he had already had experience in a number of parts, such as Charles Surface in The School for Scandal, for which nature seems to have fitted him, how differently would such a course of study and practice have prepared him to appeal to the suffrages of a foreign playgoeing nation?

Another view of long runs: The goose that laid the golden eggs is often so "played out" that it can never be brought to light again, so that if the piece to follow falls flat, managers instead of being able to repeat at intervals the late favorite must go on experimenting at great expense with new pieces until another golden egg-layer is hatched out. In this series of experiments the gilt gets a good deal worn off the first piece of gingerbread, and thus even from a financial and economic point of view immense runs are of equivocal value.

What were the causes of the power and versatility of the old-school actors? The stock company, with its almost nightly change of play, with its ever recurring necessity for study of parts at an hour's notice, was a splendid school, and by mental tension brought out un-suspected powers. It raised the Alumni to the Luperca and kept them there. It is doubtful if the most skillfully devised national Lyceum of acting could approach the efficacy of this system which only began to be broken in upon in the second half of this century.

What are the remedies, if any, for this condition of things? That is a difficult problem. The establishment of a national college of acting with the severest curriculum might be of

great service, no doubt, in the development of histrionic talent, but its practical management and plan would require most serious thought. The idea of a National Theatrical school is one open to a flood of argument on both sides. The influence in France of the Theatre Francaise point, however, in an affirmative direction. Unless some step of this kind is taken we shall soon see acting as a fine art drift down to the level of Richardson's show—the variety actor at the head of the profession and the rest ranking according to good looks, while, as a business speculation, theatrical management will be a gigantic gambling in which a lucky long run will be the magic 4-11-44 and all the rest will be blanks. S. C.

Professional Doings.

—Anita Harris and Harry Rose have been engaged to support Viola Allen.

—Hermann F. Gruendler has been engaged as musical director for Patti Rosa.

—An opening attraction is wanted for Sept. 1 at the Opera House, Massillon, O.

—Eleanor Lane and Charles J. Bell have been re-engaged for Alone in London.

—Attractions are wanted for Tucker Hall, Raleigh, N. C., for August and September.

—Lotta will open the season of the New Opera House at Oshkosh, Wis., on Sept. 28.

—The present summer season at Uhrig's Cave, St. Louis, is the most successful in its history.

—Frederick Loranger and J. Gordon Edwards have been engaged to support Mabel Stanton.

—The regular season at Pope's Theatre, St. Louis, will open on August 28 with Haverly's Minstrels.

—William Garen, advance agent of Frances Bishop, has gone to Schroon Lake to spend the summer.

—George Reed, manager of the People's Theatre, Chicago, has taken desk room at Taylor's Exchange.

—Patti Rosa plays in Delaware, Ohio, Springfield and Dayton prior to opening in Cincinnati August 22.

—Mrs. Isaac Newton, wife of the business manager for Gus Pitou, is lying seriously ill at her home in Harlem.

—Sydney Rosenfeld is negotiating with the manager of a London theatre for a production there of The Bridal Trap.

—E. A. Hempstead, secretary of the Oil and Iron circuit, has gone to Chautauque, N. Y., to spend a few weeks of the summer.

—Clifton W. Taylure is negotiating with H. S. Taylor to arrange dates for The Scapegoat, in which Mrs. Henrietta Chanfrau is to star.

—Nanine Palmer is lying seriously ill at her home in West Twelfth street. Her condition has just come under notice of the Actors' Fund.

—T. H. Winnett's Passion Slave company opens season on or about Sept. 13 at Hartford, Conn. Thirty-five week-stands are already filled.

—Once more O. C. Genter has changed the name of his house in Wheeling, W. Va. It is to be now known as the Grand Opera House.

—Dickson and Talbot have control of all the houses in Indianapolis, having recently purchased Sackett and Wiggins' interest in the Park Theatre.

—Charles H. Stanley has been engaged to play the duke in Aphrodite with the Atkinson company. Mr. Stanley is spending the summer at Newport.

—Robert Fraser has invented and patented a transformation to be used as the last scene—which represents a fairy abode—of his new comedy, Nonsense.

—Lizzie Evans' new comedy, Seasons, will be given its first production August 10, at Asbury Park. A very appropriate place to bring out a play with that title.

—John Stetson has given Adonis two weeks at the Fifth Avenue from Oct. 4. This ends all discussion as to where Dixey will first seek American consolation on his return.

—James F. Tighe, for two seasons stage manager for Harrison and Goulay, takes the same position with Fowler and Warming's Skipped by the Light of the Moon company.

—It is C. W. Taylure's intention to organize two companies for the performance of The Scapegoat next season. The first for the cities exclusively, and a second for the road.

—The sleepy Times on Sunday announced that Lewis Dockstader had taken the Comedy for negro minstrel purposes. The fact was made known through THE MIRROR more than a month ago.

—Frank A. Tannehill and E. E. Grandin will open their season in The Strangers of Paris on Sept. 6 in Newark. Among the people engaged are Harry Saylor, Mamie Gilroy and Belle Sutton. Harry Greene will be in advance.

—Rudolph H. Strong arrived in town last week from Boston, where he had had a three weeks' siege with malaria. He was with Mary Anderson the whole of last season, with the exception of the opening six weeks at the Star Theatre.

—T. H. Winnett's European Sensational company is comprised of the following: Prof. Harry M. Parker's dog and cat circus; Queen Sarbro, Enrado, Marco, Hines and Vidqué, Little Gilson, Frank and Fanny Doris and John Devov. C. O. Tennis is the business manager.

—H. S. Taylor took the second degree in Irving Lodge, Ancient Order of United Workmen, Brooklyn, on last Friday night, and on Monday night took two more in the Red Lodge of the same order. J. H. Robb, Milton Nobles and William Moulds are to join the order on August 13.

—All the new scenery for James O'Neill's Monte Cristo has been completed, and the season will open on Sept. 6 in New Haven. The company is almost the same as that of last year, being composed of the following: J. W. Shannon, W. V. Price, S. Miller Kent, Elizabeth Robins, Annie Boudinet, Grace Raven, Joseph Ransome, J. H. Shewell, Arthur Leclercq, Carroll Fleming, John Cunningham, William Rigney, Howard Gould, S. Miller, Charles Spoor, Harry McCloskey, Marie Floyd and E. Pelham. E. E. Zimmerman will continue to manage, while Charles N. Richards will be treasurer.

—Forepaugh's Circus takes the palm this season for its following of vagans. Jelling and belling keep pace with its travels down East, and town marshals and police justices have had their hands full. Forepaugh used to have a much better reputation than this. But he is little worse than many others of his kind this season. The old time knavery of the circus is more than ever prominent this summer. Complaints of crooked work reach The Mirror from all over the country. An epidemic of thievery seems to have seized upon the circuses. The proprietors and managers may hold up their hands and claim they are not responsible for the doings of the light-fingered gentry, but they have modified the evil in former seasons all the same.

—One of the cosiest and most homelike of hotels is the Hartranft House at Norristown, Pa. It is run by P. K. Gable, proprietor, and H. P. Beerer, clerk, who never tire of looking after the comfort of guests. The table is provided with an abundance of good cooking—such cooking as makes a hotel an oasis among the one-night stands. The rooms are airy, cheerful and well furnished. The house is within a half-minute's walk of the depot of the Pennsylvania and Reading roads, and a free omnibus meets guests arriving across the river in Bridgeport. It is within two minutes' walk of the New Opera House and five of Music Hall. It is Mr. Gable's intention to make his hotel a popular resort for the profession, and he will therefore make rates for visiting companies.

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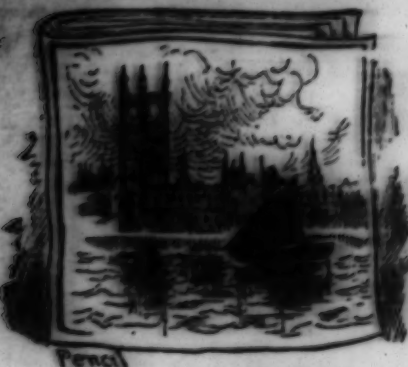
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London News and Gossip.



LONDON, July 15.

Things theatrical are as dull this week as the conversation of comic writers—which is playing it rather low down on things theatrical, perhaps, but such is really the case. The Lyceum continues to be crowded nightly, and the Delys are doing well, but otherwise we have for the most part a beggarly account of empty boxes. The one novelty of the week has been a musical one, of which more anon. With a view partly to preparatory training for this auspicious event, and partly because I had nothing better to do, I assisted on Tuesday at the "inauguration" of a series of Old Drury matinees, which have been arranged by Augustus Harris for "Dmitri Slaviansky D'Agrenet's celebrated Russian choir of sixty performers in splendid historical costumes of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth centuries." This is how they are described on the bill, and it would be wrong to omit any of their style and title, seeing that "the historical costumes" form really the principal part of the show. These Russians are not uninteresting as ethnological curiosities, but if the men wore black swallow-tails and clean-billed rags, and the ladies were clothed, or half-clothed, in ordinary evening dress, they might have been fifty times better and yet failed to catch on. As it is, they have been "commanded" to Marlborough House, they have enjoyed a fair measure of success at St. James' Hall, and they have figured at the midnight variety shows which are provided for exquisites of both sexes at the New Club. Whether they will now do any good at Drury Lane remains to be seen. There was a plentiful lack of money in the house on Tuesday afternoon, but Augustus has managed to get some good notices, and at the next performance—Saturday afternoon to wit—he may not only have a high old artistic time, but with common luck may actually pay costs.

Dmitri, etc., who bosses the show, is clad in crimson and gold. He is a thing of beauty and a joy for at least five minutes. He stands on a small raised platform in the centre of a row of ladies who remain seated all the time. Behind them stand the male singers. The ladies wear various shades of white, blue and pink, but the patterns thereof and the head-dresses which surmount them I will not attempt to describe, for that way madness lies—at least to him who is not to the man-millinery born. Dmitri, etc., is a fine figure of man. He stands full six feet high and weighs probably about 250 pounds. He leads the singing by voice and hand. Tuesday's concert was divided into two parts—historical and popular. It is not easy to tell 'toter from which in this connection, but sadness strives hard with sweetness for the mastery, and finally sadness wins, hands down. Operations commenced with a ballad about "the celebrated giant, Dobrynie Nikitich." Some of those present hastily jumped to the conclusion that Dmitri, etc., must be the giant in question, but were covered with confusion when they found the business was an Eleventh-century romance, mainly developed to a description of M. Nikitich's preparations for war against the Tartars and his leave-taking of his mother. If I had not known (from the programme) that this was a Russian historical song, I would have thought I had been in church listening to a Gregorian chant. By easy stages we reached an "entertainment" song from the Government of Tamboff. The refrain of this was "Kalinka, malinka, moy" which being translated means (according to the programme), "O my guelder tree; O my snaphrump bush." The air is supposed to be rather older than the hills, and it was therefore interesting to discover therein a tune which with a chorus of something about "Beautiful girl, with beautiful eyes" was a few years ago immensely popular at the London music-halls. By and by we found the basis of a well-known waltz melody in another ancient composition, which shows either that the Russians have a marvellous knack of anticipation, or that some of our musical folk have—but no matter. Dmitri, etc., has a pleasing voice, what there is of it, which is not much. As, however, he doesn't attempt anything out of the way, he comes through fairly well. There are some splendid basses in the choir, who might with advantage have more to do.

The announcement of the ever-popular Il Barbiere di Siviglia, with Ella Russell as Rosina and Maurel as Figaro, drew a full house to Covent Garden on Tuesday night, and the result was a brilliant success—at all events, so far as concerned the performers just named. The *Alcina*—De Falco—sang badly and acted worse, and was, indeed, take him for all in all, almost as bad as he could be. But otherwise the cast was adequate. Signor Carbone's Barbiere was capital, and Signor Pinto was excellent as Basilio. In the music-lesson Miss Proch's air with all its own elaborate decorations and some of her own thrown

in, with, however, a most delightful result, which awakened no end of enthusiasm. For encore, she gave "Home, Sweet Home," but to my fancy unduly elaborated that plaintive melody, the chief charm of which is, or should be, its sweet simplicity.

The novelty already alluded to was entitled *Florian*, a four act Fourteenth century opera, composed by Miss Ida Walter, a daughter of the *Times* (of Printing House Square, E. C.). This was produced last night at the Novelty Theatre before a crowd of brilliant and fashionable, who vociferously applauded everything connected with the piece. This enthusiasm was not so much due to the merits of the piece and its exponents (although these were by no means small) as to the fact that Papa Walter, besides being a newspaper proprietor, is, or was, an M. P., and literally rolls in riches. This great position, although in itself possessing many advantages, is likely to seriously hamper Miss Walter in the path of musical progress by causing overmuch praise to be lavished upon her early efforts. This would be a pity, for much of the lady's music is charming, and, still more, shows considerable promise. The sympathetic "stop" prevails for the story is sad, and deals with the heart-break of a young medieval barmaid who loves Florian, a wandering minstrel, and, when she is parted from him, dies of the plague, to the plaintive air of "Scheiden thut Weh." The libretto (based on the story of "Scheiden," etc., as told by the author of the "Atelier du Lys") had been done by Mr. D. and Miss Grace Latham, and not done any too well. In point of fact, the "book is too weak to live long. The daughter of the *Times* may be encouraged to fresh efforts, but let her look to it that she secures stronger librettists in future. Florian was beautifully mounted and capably represented by your Miss Griswold (who pathetically played the heroine, Crescenz), by Dorothy Dickson, Jenny Dickerson, W. H. Burgen, Max Eugene and Ben Davies. The last named was the Florian.

Last Thursday, Friday and Saturday The Ticket-of-Leave Man was performed at the Novelty, for the benefit of an anonymous barrister who, having fallen upon evil times, mainly through paying more attention to Thespian manners and customs than to his own business, now sends round the hat in a way which reminds one of the lady of quality who being reduced to sell pigs' feet for a livelihood, used to cry "Trotters!" under her breath and pray to goodness that none might hear her. This method has of late become somewhat objectionable in "the higher theatrical circles"—but let that pass. My chief reason for alluding to the show is that the principal characters were assumed by players who have not long returned from your shores. The Bob Brierly, for instance, was Arthur Lewis, who lately travelled through the States with Our (also Your) Mary. Denny—who came to you with Nita's First—was the Hawkshaw; J. P. "Buckett" Burnett was the Hawkshaw, and Jennie "Jo" Lee essayed the part of Sam Willoughby. I may at once say that the Brierly was finicking and fashionable rather than forcible; that Burnett's detective was careless and colorless, and that Jennie Lee's Sam was of the common, or garden sort, and vulgar in the extreme. Moreover, she "gagged." Fancy gagging in a play like this, in which there is positively not one superfluous line. The best performance of the show was Denny's, whose change from the Tiger to Theophilus Wake, of Wake Brothers, was admirable. Robert Soutar (formerly the Gaiety stage manager, and husband of Nellie Farrer) resumed his original part of Gene Jones, which he first played three-and-twenty years ago, and again scored a success. The anonymous barrister, who called himself Tanfield Court on the bill, was the Melter Moss, and played fairly well for an amateur.

At the Opera Comique Archaeologist Godwin is still doing (and doing for) The Fool's Revenge, plus the comedieta, Delicate Ground, by way of curtain raiser. In this, Hermann Vezin, a somewhat ponderous light comedian, plays Citizen Sangroid, and the Society Beauty, Mrs. Mackintosh, who is no longer in her first youth, appears as Pauline. On the Op. Com. programme the names of the players are reproductions of their respective autographs. Inquisitive folk have asked what any of the autographers have done that their signatures (some of which would for calligraphy run the late Horace Greeley close) should be preserved. They then paused for a reply, and are likely to keep on pausing.

Godwin has cut up Tennyson's Becket into pastoral playable form and has called the result Fair Rosamond. The Pastoral Players will not do their mummery in Coombe Woods this time. They have chosen Cambridgeshire, Wimbledon, which is part of the domain of Mrs. Leo Stuster. This *al fresco* business will take place next Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, J. Pluvius permitting.

The Vaudeville success, Sophia, will be seen at your Mr. Lester Wallace's Theatre early next Fall. K. Bellow is to be the Tom Jones and Charles Groves, a clever character actor, will visit your city for the purpose of playing Partridge the Barber. Minnie Bell will produce two new pieces by Sutherland Edwards at the Crystal Palace next Tuesday. One of them is said to be extremely cerulean. All the theatres are closing. Next Saturday the shutters will go up at the Vaudeville, the Empire and the Criterion. The Princess will close on the following Thursday, when Wilson

Barrett will have his big double-barrelled benefit. The only set-off against all this closing is the re-opening of the Avenue next Monday with a comedy and a ballet of statures. Strange to say, for one of these statures they have not engaged the handsome GAWAIN.

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Improvements now being made. When completed will be the handsomest opera house between New York and Syracuse. Graded floor. Elegant new scenery throughout by Seavey. Opera chairs, latest designs, by Andrews & Co. Interior decorations unsurpassed. Six large, well warmed and lighted dressing-rooms. In resident portion of city. Seating capacity 1,000. Population of city 23,000. Horse cars pass the door.
WILL OPEN ABOUT SEPT. 1.
A first-class attraction for opening night desired. For dates, etc., apply to C. V. DU BOIS.
- LIMA, OHIO.**
FAUROT & OPERA HOUSE.
Now booking first-class attractions for 1886-87. Address GEO. E. ROGERS, Lessee and Manager, Milan, Ohio.
- LEBANON, IND.**
BROWN NEW OPERA HOUSE.
Seats 1,000. Folding chairs. Lighted by gas. Heated by Furnaces. Stage 34x50. Full outfit of Fine Scenery. Good dressing rooms. Population 5,000. Now booking good attractions for 1886-87. J. C. BROWN & CO.
- LOS ANGELES, CAL.**
GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Population 45,000. Seating capacity 1,000. For full information regarding dates, terms or rental, address McLain & Lehman, Managers.
- LOUISVILLE, KY.**
LOUISVILLE HOTEL.
Mr. A. SOULE, Manager.
The only centrally located hotel in the city.
Extensive alterations and improvements having been made during the past Summer, we are now prepared to furnish to the profession the best accommodations in the city at reasonable prices.
- MIDDLETOWN, N. Y.**
STIVERS OPERA HOUSE.
(Formerly Casino.)
Largest, finest, most popular hall in town. Completely remodelled. New galleries added. Seats 1,300. Ground floor. Elegantly decorated. Steam heat, folding chairs, piano, large stage, new scenery. Everything new. Live manufacturing town of over 10,000. First-class attractions desired. J. D. STIVERS & CO.
- MILTON, PA.**
MILTON OPERA HOUSE.
Seating capacity 900. Complete new scenery. Population 2,000. Share or rent. EDWIN R. CURTIS, Mgr.
- MALONE, N. Y.**
HOWARD OPERA HOUSE.
Seats 700. Complete scenery. Population 5,000. Now booking. FERGUSON & MERITT, Managers.
- MASSILLON, OHIO.**
OPERA HOUSE.
Extensive alterations under new management. New scenery, new decorations, complete renovation. First-class attractions applied at once. F. V. R. SKINNER, Mgr. 187 WANTED—Opening attraction for Sept. 1.
- MT. VERNON, OHIO.**
WOODWARD OPERA HOUSE.
Open time in November, December, January and February. Holiday week open. Rent or share. Address REYNOLDS AGENCY, New York, or L. G. HUNT, Manager, Mt. Vernon, Ohio.
- NORRISTOWN, PA.**
MUSIC HALL.
A brick building erected at a cost of \$40,000. Seating capacity 1,000; stage, 40x50 ft.; stage to left, 40 ft. Sixteen complete sets of entirely new scenery. Seats of \$45.00 was the most successful ever known in Norristown. Address WALLACE BOYER, Manager.
Now booking representative, RANDALL'S THEATRICAL BUREAU.
SPECIAL TO MANAGERS.
Do not get Music Hall confounded with the frame risk, remodeled and styled "Norristown Opera House."

NORRISTOWN, PA. HARTSHOFF HOUSE.

P. K. GABLE.....Proprietor
A home for the profession. Table of the best. Pleasant rooms. Each succeeding company will recommend this house to the next. Acceptable rates made. Agents of the Pennsylvania and Reading roads within a couple of miles. Free bus from Bridgeport, across the river. House within two minutes' walk of the New Norristown Opera House; within five minutes' of Music Hall.
Our references: All who visit us.

NORRISTOWN, PA.
NEW OPERA HOUSE.
Stage 40x50. A long list of the very cream of attractions already booked. Seats 1,000. Every appointment modern. Stages suited to specialties and scenic melodramas. E. C. HAYNES, Manager.

NILES, OHIO.
OPERA HOUSE.
Town rooming. Every industry running full. New scenery this season. Now booking first-class attractions for season 1886-87. HUGHES AND WILSON.

NASHVILLE, TENN.
GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
The largest and only first-class theatre in the city. Seating capacity 1,800. Entirely refitted and remodelled for the coming season. The only house for big combinations to play to advantage and make money. Managers of first-class Musical, Dramatic and Minstrel Combinations desiring to book for the coming season address
NEWMAN & HUSTON.
Or our only authorized agent,
A. E. STEVENS.
1166 Broadway, N. Y.

NEW BEDFORD, MASS.
PEOPLE'S THEATRE.
(Formerly Liberty Hall.)
Opera, Dramatic, Comedy and Vaudeville companies, suitable for lady audiences, booked for one week at popular low prices. Population 15,000. House seats 1,400. Stage 40x50. Full set of scenery.
Address
A. S. FOSTER, Agent.

NEWBERRY, S. C.
CITY OPERA HOUSE.
Good play town of 4,000 people. House seats 750. New piano; folding chairs, and full set of scenery. Stage 30x40. Well lighted and heated. Now booking only good attractions for season 1886-87. Share or rent. JOHN S. FAIR, Manager, P. O. Box 50.

OSHKOSH, WIS.
NEW GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
This house is on the ground floor and first-class in every respect. Oshkosh second city in Wisconsin. Two good attractions wanted for Northern State Fair, week September 13-18. Managers desiring dates for next season will address undersigned. All contracts must be signed by
H. B. JACKSON, Manager.

ORANGE, VA.
MASONIC OPERA HOUSE.
Seats 400; share or rent. Address Man. Opera House.

PINE BLUFF, ARK.
OPERA HOUSE.
Two Galleries, Dress Circle and Parquette. Seating capacity 800. Ground floor. New and elegant building. Complete stock of scenery. Folding chairs, etc. Ample, comfortable and well appointed dressing-rooms. House lighted by gas and electric light. Population of city and vicinity 15,000. Three lines of railroads. Two steamboat lines. First-class attractions. Write for dates, season 1886-87. Address
SAM. F. HILZKIM, Lessee and Manager.
Bookings at H. GREENWALL & SON, Room 8, 843 Broadway, over Star Theatre.

PLATTSBURGH, N. Y.
WATERMAN OPERA HOUSE.
Population 6,000. Address for terms and dates
H. A. WATERMAN & SON.

RALEIGH, N. C.
TUCKER HALL.
Attractions wanted for August and September.
J. F. & J. P. FERRALL, Lessees.

ROUNDTOWN (City of Kingston), N. Y.
ACADEMY OF MUSIC.
Wanted first-class attractions for the season of 1886-87. Centrally located and on ground floor. Population 22,000. For dates apply to
SAMPSON AND CARTER, Managers.
Rountown (City of Kingston), N. Y.

SAGINAW, MICH.
TELEPHONE OPERA HOUSE.
Seating capacity 1,000. Ground floor.
WANTED—ONE ATTRACTION PER WEEK ONLY, FOR SEASON 1886-87.
GOOD BUSINESS SURE.
PERCENTAGE MADE SATISFACTORY.
Managers booking Michigan Circuit will find it to their interest to reserve date for this house. For dates address only
C. M. BEACH, Manager.

SYCAMORE, ILL.
OPERA HALL (new).
Seats 500. New Scenery. Good show town. Annual license. Own all bill boards. Now booking for 1886-87. Co. Fair begins Sept. 21. JOHN B. WHALEN, Mgr.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
ALCAZAR THEATRE.
Seating capacity 1,050. The handsome Moorish Temple of Art. Will play on shares or rental. Open dates by addressing
GEO. WALLENRD, Manager.

SHENANDOAH, PA.
FERGUSON'S THEATRE.
One of the largest in the interior of the State. New and complete. Size, 50x100 feet on ground floor; capacity 1,400; heated by steam and well ventilated. Size of stage 35x50 feet. Parquet, parquette circle and balcony and two elegant promenades. Large stock of scenery. Population 20,000, with 20,000 additional within a radius of five miles. Twenty-four passenger trains daily run special cars to outlying towns for good attractions. Booking now for next season, and want first-class attraction to open. Manager secures special rates for companies over Lehigh Valley Railroad. P. J. FERGUSON, Sole Owner and Manager. Col. St. Clair Gibbons (the Fat Man), Bill Poster.

SOUTHWESTERN
OPERA HOUSE CIRCUIT.
Composed of the following good show towns, all having fine opera houses,
SOLICITS BOOKINGS FOR 1886-87.

From all first-class Troupes, Combinations and Minstrel Companies.

The cities composing this circuit average twenty miles apart, with very best railroad facilities.

For dates apply to the following managers:

City.	Population.	Seating Capacity.	Managers.
Joplin, Mo.	10,000	900	H. H. Haven
Webb, City, Mo.	4,000	500	James Gannon
Columbus, Kas.	15,000	800	G. E. Harland
Parsons, Kas.	11,000	800	Lot L. Baird
St. Scott, Kas.	12,000	900	W. P. Patterson
Pittsburg, Kas.	6,000	1,000	C. & J. Hunter
Lamar, Mo.	1,500	800	Brown & Avery
Nevada, Mo.	6,000	1,000	Harry C. Moore
Rich Hill, Mo.	6,000	300	J. Goldenberg
Butler, Mo.	5,000	800	Don Kenney
Paula, Kan.	4,000	600	L. D. White
Ottawa, Kan.	8,000	900	Samuel Smith
Garretts, Kas.	3,000	1,000	S. Kaufman

W. P. PATTERSON, President.
Fort Scott, Kas.

H. H. HAVEN, Secretary.
Joplin, Mo.

General information in regard to the circuit, railroad connections, etc., will be cheerfully furnished by the Secretary.

SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS.
TURNER HALL.
also
NEW OPERA HOUSE.

Which will be finished
JANUARY 1, 1887.
and will be as
GRAND AND ELEGANT
as any in the South.
Seating capacity 1,400.
ERNEST RISCH, Manager and Lessee.

SOCORRO, N. M.
SOCORRO OPERA HOUSE.
Population 4,500. House seats 400. Seats 200 on balcony. Seats 200 on stage. Seats 200 on gallery. Seats 200 on box seats. Seats 200 on side seats. Seats 200 on end seats. Seats 200 on back seats. Seats 200 on front seats. Seats 200 on middle seats. Seats 200 on outer seats. Seats 200 on inner seats. Seats 200 on top seats. Seats 200 on bottom seats. Seats 200 on left seats. Seats 200 on right seats. Seats 200 on center seats. Seats 200 on side seats. Seats 200 on end seats. Seats 200 on back seats. Seats 200 on front seats. Seats 200 on middle seats. Seats 200 on outer seats. Seats 200 on inner seats. Seats 200 on top seats. Seats 200 on bottom seats. Seats 200 on left seats. Seats 200 on right seats. Seats 200 on center seats. Seats 200 on side seats. Seats 200 on end seats. Seats 200 on back seats. Seats 200 on front seats. Seats 200 on middle seats. Seats 200 on outer seats. Seats 200 on inner seats. Seats 200 on top seats. Seats 200 on bottom seats. Seats 200 on left seats. 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The History of a Prize Tragedy.

For more than six hundred years—that is to say, from 450 B. C. to 450 A. D.—the chief sport of the Roman people was in the Gladiatorial List, first introduced from Asia by the brothers Brutus to honor the funeral of their father, about A. U. 488. These combats were originally observed as religious rites, it being supposed that the ghosts of the dead were made propitious by human blood, and were substituted for the more ancient custom of deliberately murdering slaves at funerals. It is not certain at what precise period the barbarity was converted into a pastime, but during the time of Nero arenic combats had attained to that dignity as a popular sport that citizens, and even Senators and knights, enlisted themselves with the gladiators to gain the esteem of the populace. Not, however, until the reign of Titus, A. D. 79., was the magnificent structure, yet grand in its ruins, the famous Colosseum, completed and devoted to the spectacle of the arena. In this vast amphitheatre, with a capacity for seating 87,000 persons, occurred these shows which are at once the marvel and the horror of civilization. That there may be an idea of the exhibitions given on great occasions, or festival or fete days, or in the celebration of some triumphant event, an instance may be cited from the reign of Trajan. History declares this prince to have been good, benevolent, virtuous and humane; but after his brilliant subjugation of Dacia, the Romans celebrated the triumph through 123 days of arenic spectacles, during which 11,000 animals of different kinds were killed and 10,000 gladiators fought. Though these savage sports flourished most when Rome was at the height of her glory as a State, and when learning, art and civilization thrived, they were approved on highly philosophical grounds. They were esteemed, a graceful writer assures us, as helping to make men insensible to danger, suffering and death; and as the people were often called upon to fight and die in defence of their liberties, it was thought desirable that there should be an "initiation process in the art of seeing blood shed unmoved," and lessons which should diminish the love and regard for life. Gladiators were first composed of slaves, captives and condemned malefactors—and the latter were to be killed within a year. There was an arrangement, however, by which gladiators could gain their liberty after a certain number of successful battles. Finally, as before stated, free-born citizens, either by hire or by inclination, and even some of noble birth, fought in the arena. The gladiators were kept in schools by persons called Lanistes, who purchased and trained them. Gladiators were of different classes and degrees, distinguished by their armor and manner of fighting. The Secutores wore a helmet, a shield, and asword, or a leaden bullet. Against these were usually matched the Retiarii, who were dressed in a short tunic, wore nothing on their heads, carried in their left hands a three-pointed lance, and in their right a net with which to entangle the adversary by casting it over his head, suddenly drawing it together, and then with the trident dispatching the helpless Secutor. The Mirmillones were so called because they carried the image of a fish on their helmets. They were armed like a Gaul, with a buckler and a hooked sword or cutlass, and in the arena a Mirmillo was generally matched against a Thracian. There were other classes, including the Catervarii, who fought in numbers and not in pairs.

On the day of the exhibition the gladiators were, matched in pairs, led around the arena in procession, when their swords were examined by the exhibitor, called the Editor, of the games. As a prelude to the battle the gladiators fought with wooden swords, which, at a trumpet signal, were laid aside for their proper arms. If a gladiator fell from his wounds or exhaustion, his adversary could not spare him without the consent of the people, and the victim usually submitted to the fatal thrust with amazing fortitude.

About the year of Rome 680, or 73 B. C., a Thracian shepherd was brought a captive to Rome, and sold a gladiator to Lentulus. This was the Spartacus afterward celebrated for his abilities and his victories over the Roman armies. Among the names and deeds that give to history the color and fascination of romance, Spartacus and his astonishing exploits are by no means the least interesting. Escaping from some seventy of his companions, he fled to the woods and solitary retreats of the Campania, where he soon found himself at the head of a band of men no less resolute than himself. His numbers were steadily augmented by fugitives from Rome and others until he had, after a time, a fairly disciplined army able to cope with the Roman forces. He laid waste the country and defeat two Consuls and several subordinate officers. Crassus was finally sent against him with a vast force. This celebrated General at first despaired of overcoming the valorous Spartacus, who proved himself a man of superior ability, and it is not unlikely history would have recorded a different termination of the two years' war had not some of the followers of Spartacus revolted and deserted him. The deciding battle was a bloody one. Spartacus behaved with superb courage. When wounded in the leg, he fought upon his knees, covering himself with his buckler in one hand, using his sword with the other, and when at last he fell, he fell upon a heap of Romans whom he had sacrificed to his fury.

This character is the magnificent episode in

heroic history upon which Dr. Bird based his glorious tragedy of The Gladiator, a great play, beautifully tempered with the sentiments of love and the sublime emotions of self-devotion, humanity and love of country. There is no grander play of romantic heroism than this, and the character of Spartacus is so majestically drawn, so splendidly sustained, that but one actor in a generation seems cast to its mould. The immortal Forrest, for whom the play was originally written, and who first created the part that has since become a classic, used to make a powerful impression upon his audiences scenes of this wonderful work, and when he died it was thought the character must die with him; for who was there to play it as grandly as he? But McCullough lived, and his massive frame, deep, resounding voice, fine, intelligent face soon made him master of the role; so that the people too soon forgot the older memory and welcomed McCullough as one well worthy to wear the sword and buckler of Forrest. When McCullough failed—and it is a mournful incident, as showing the extremes of Fate, that his last public appearance was in this character—when he failed admirers of his sturdy, noble work sighed sadly, saying, "There is none to succeed him." But the man is always equal to the occasion. Suddenly, while it was yet a regret that this or that one of the actors before the public was unsuited to these noble types of heroic character, a young actor springs into prominence. Robert Downing is the young actor who believes he possesses the physique of a gladiator and the soul of an artist. Manly in whatever he does—earnest, sincere, conscientious—always seeming to think the character greater than himself, Mr. Downing is one of the few actors seemingly made to rise. The experiment he is about to make will be watched with interest.

E. A. B.

SCENERY

For Opera Houses and Halls.

Sosman & Landis

SCENIC STUDIO,

236 and 238 S. Clinton Street,

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

We are now occupying our New Studio,

The Largest in the World,

and are better than ever able to do artist's work at

LOWEST PRICES.

Owners and managers will do well to get our prices before contracting elsewhere. Scenery for combinations a specialty. Managers visiting Chicago especially invited to call.

NEW TO NEW YORK.

Practically a Tour of the Frontier. THE LOCATION EASY TO REACH. 10 CENTS FARE. FROM BATTERY 35 MINUTE. MAGNIFICENT GROUNDS, SHADY GROVES, NATURAL SURROUNDINGS, in keeping with the standing, liberality, and under the auspices of the STATEN ISLAND AMUSEMENT COMPANY (Limited). ERASTINA WOODS, MARINER'S HARBOR, TO-DAY AND EVERY DAY. BUFFALO BILL'S WILD WEST. To combine Merit, Instruction, Pleasure and Education in an Epitome of Our Nation's Progressive History. MORE GENERAL FEATURES.

Than ever before, at one time and place, VISIBLE ON THE FACE OF THE GLOBE!

HOW TO GET THERE. A Fleet of Steamers from Different Points: From the Battery, terminals of all Elevated Roads, fare THROUGH ONLY 10c. The Staten Island ferry-boat SOUTHFIELD, NORTHFIELD, WESTFIELD, MIDDLETON, Connecting at Saint George with trains direct for Eastonia, leaving Battery for afternoon performance at 11:30, 12:15, 1, 2:45, 3, 3:30. For evening performance at 5:15, 6, 6:45, 7:30, 8, 9.

TWO PERFORMANCES DAILY. Afternoon at 3 o'clock. Every Night at 8 o'clock. Night made day by 100 electric lights. Performance twice a day, rain or shine. Grand stands seating 30,000 people. ADMISSION 50 CENTS. CHILDREN 25 CENTS. Come early. Wander through the camp. Doors open 12:30 and 7 P. M.

Thorough and Practical STAGE INSTRUCTION.

MR. EDWIN LAWRENCE,

Actor and Elocutionist.

24 West 14th Street.

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